JUNE 9, 1945

SATURDAY NIGHT

PRICE 10 CENTS

VOL. 60, NO. 40 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Ontario Said "No"

MR. DREW'S resounding victory in Ontario is a tribute to his personal qualities, but it is still more a verdict against the two political parties which contested with him for the favor of the voters. Mr. Jolliffe's party offered socialism and the voters have at last realized that Mr. Jolliffe's victory would mean socialism and that they don't want it. Mr. Hepburn's party offered nothing but a thoroughly discredited leadership and the argument—which could work effectively only with very ardent Liberals—that a Liberal defeat in Ontario would impair Mr. King's prospects next week. A great many Liberals preferred impairing Mr. King's prospects to endorsing the discredited leadership.

The Cooperative Commonwealth Federation has had to come into the open a good deal since the election which gave it thirty-four out of ninety seats in the Legislature. Its sister party in Saskatchewan has become a government and has had to show what the party will do when in power. In Ontario the influence of left-wing labor unions in the party's councils has become much more evident. These facts have greatly lessened the appeal which it had for many voters a few years ago as a party of moderate progressives and have made it appear far more revolutionary. The present setback will probably strengthen the hands of those elements in the party which seek the modification rather than the overthrow of the present economic system.

Mr. Jolliffe's Gestapo charges appear to have damaged rather than helped his campaign. They were recklessly handled and they were scarcely adequate material for a first-class election scandal, even if we admit the tie up with Bug Man Sanderson. At the same time it must be admitted that in such matters the lack of a sympathetic press is a great handicap to the scandal-monger. But the main cause of the shrinkage in this party's vote is unquestionably the increasing realization that it seeks a very extensive ownership and operation of business by the state and a close regimentation of such private enterprise as remains. Moreover, in the last two years the gap between the new party and the old ones in the matter of social welfare legislation has been largely closed up.

We congratulate Mr. Drew on having a clear mandate and an able cabinet to carry it out, and we congratulate the Province on being rid of the makeshifts and compromises of group government.

It Isn't Over

THE war isn't over. The need for salvage, and for unselfishness, isn't over. Take waste paper. There is no such thing as waste paper until we waste it, and that we should never do until there is once again so much paper material that old paper is not worth salvaging. The Minister of National War Services reminds us that "there is still and will be for some time to come an urgent call from the mills for necessary supplies of waste paper". It is needed to help meet the immense and constantly increasing demand for containers in which to move about the world the vital goods which are at present so imperfectly distributed.

Take also handkerchiefs. We have it direct from all the service men's clubs in Great Britain that there is scarcely a soldier, sailor or airman, British or Canadian, who doesn't need handkerchiefs; and in that country they are simply not to be had. (The dress goods shortage has been slightly relieved by the removal of the blackout, but you can't make handkerchiefs out of blackout stuff.) Send your handkerchiefs, preferably pretty large ones, to the Beaver Club, Trafalgar Square, or to whatever service club happens to be your favorite. They can all use them.

—Photo by Karsh

For two years the Women's School for Citizenship has gathered together in Ottawa young women from all over Canada—in the services there and in various types of war work. They will register the results of their thinking at the polls on June 11. Many of them will be voting for the first time.

The Contempt Theory

SOME of our readers in Nova Scotia are suggesting that in discussing the causes of the Halifax V-E Day riot, as we did in the issue of May 26, we were guilty of contempt for the Royal Commission which is sitting to inquire into that subject. If we have erred in that matter, which we doubt, we have done so in good company. Nothing could be franker than the way in which the Nova Scotia press has assigned the responsibility for that deeply regrettable incident, usually to an organized and prearranged plan concocted among a large number of members of the Canadian Navy. Our own article assigned no responsibility, and merely suggested that the outbreak might well have been more spontaneous than this other theory implies, and have been partly caused by the closing of the restaurants at a time when there were a great many non-residents in the city, and by the absence of any lawful means for the purchase of even the mildest forms of alcoholic beverage.

The appointment of the Royal Commission was a most desirable and indeed necessary step; no other method could deal with the problem to the public's satisfaction. That the public should patiently await the Commissioner's findings before coming to a conclusion about the affair is obviously most desirable. That those of the public who had read the Nova Scotia press or the dispatches from that province would be

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NAME IN THE NEWS

Women Like Mildred Orme May Decide Who Will Rule Us

By COROLYN COX

THEY aren't organized, so they can't speak with one authorized voice. No one else can speak for them. They are the ultimate "primary producers" of what it was that won the European war and will be spent to finish the Pacific struggle. Theirs is a tougher experience than to give up one's life in battle. Their sons are blown to bits—and the mothers live on. But today the mothers have votes. On June 11 the women, nearly fifty percent of the Canadians of voting age and in some districts a majority of those who are entitled to cast a ballot, will swing the election—either by HOW they vote, or because they did NOT vote. They hold the balance in their hands.

We suspect the dragnet of "organizations" omits the majority of mothers of Canada, though it is hard to prove. So perhaps the story of Mildred Kerr Orme will serve at least as a sample, if not entirely typical in some respects, of the inarticulate lot of them who are being wakened today out of their centuries of development apart, in their own sphere.

A Home Builder

Mrs. Orme has done nothing in her life, other than create and bring up five children in an exceptionally successful example of that complicated and intangible thing called a "home". She belongs to the town of Ottawa, which is so deeply submerged today in the Capital that newcomers sometimes fail to realize its existence. When she was born, 49 years ago, her father had a hardware store. He was a hockey player, and to his team Lady Stanley made the first presentation of what is now the famous Stanley Cup. The Kerrs were neither rich nor poor. Mildred was started off in a proper patriotic atmosphere in the little Church of England School the Kilburne sisters then ran at the corner of Lyon and MacLaren Streets. There were a few boarders, and these with the day girls marked special occasions by something going on in Christ Church Cathedral. Church counted—very much.

Next step was over to the Model School, to which everybody tried to send their children in those days. It was supposed to be a bit better than other public schools, but as the fee was very small it was not exclusive to wealthy families. After that "Ottawa Ladies College" was the proper thing, and that ended all the education a nice girl needed. Anyway Mildred Kerr wasn't looking for opportunities to push in to any new fields for her sex. She lived at home, and her father would have felt it a reflection upon him had she taken a job. They had a cottage at The Cedars, groups of girls would "camp" there with her.

The young people had a quiet good time in the simplest pleasures. Nobody had any money to spend. There were no automobiles. You might occasionally sneak into a moving picture if you were in a really devilish mood, but it wasn't quite "nice" for well-bred gals to do it. There were lots of dances in people's houses, and endless teas. The Murphy-Gamble store opened a Palm Room tea shop at which all the debutantes waited on table—Oh, no, not for *money*—it was a charitable project. You could go to the old Russell Theatre, and good travelling shows came to town.

Mildred Kerr Orme
—Photo by Karsh.

Mildred had her "bunch" who played round together. When she was eighteen she went to a coming-out dance at the Nelson Porter's, in the old house on Metcalfe Street that today shelters Ottawa's active Blood Donors establishment, and there she met Frank Orme. Soon they became engaged, and that was that for Mildred Kerr. She settled down to complete preoccupation with preparing her trousseau.

It was odd they managed to feel so gay. Orme's parents were Plymouth Brethren, opposed to dancing, card playing, moving pictures, almost all forms of amusement. Mildred's people were Dominion Methodists, and really took "church" to heart, but allowed more leeway than the Brethern. Frank's steady recreation during their engagement was to come to Mildred's house and sit in the drawingroom reading Dickens to her while she hemmed linen and embroidered and scalloped. (He brought a box of candy along, too!)

They went to the theatre once a week, sailed at the Yacht Club out at Aylmer, and attended "hops" at the Victoria Hotel — sheltered, quiet amusements all of them. They were married in the spring. Frank worked with his father in the piano business, at 24 could afford a modest home on Monk Street—half a semi-detached house. They lived in the same house for 20 years, had four babies, two girls and two boys, in the first six years, kept one maid. Ten years after the first group of children came a little daughter to keep the house continually full of the young.

A Full Day

During the first world war, Frank Orme as the father of these small children stayed on the job, kept his business going to support them. Mrs. Orme, her maid gone into the limbo of war activity, did the cooking and housework, looked after four babies, knitted for the Red Cross and called it a day. Her two brothers served overseas, returned intact.

Between the wars they moved to a substantial but modest house. The Orme "home" developed and flowered. It became a milling centre of teenage youngsters of both sexes. The boys progressed from Mutchmore School to Glebe Collegiate and took their hockey seriously. Daughters began to bring young men as well as girls back to the House on Powell Avenue.

When Frank Orme junior was eleven, Frank senior took him to his first political meeting, afterward introduced him to the speaker of the evening, the Prime Minister. As they left the hall, father bade son always remember the evening and that he had had the honor of shaking hands with the Prime Minister of Canada. The lad of eleven replied promptly that the Prime Minister was the one to be honored, for he had shaken hands with the FUTURE prime minister of Canada! As years rolled by it looked as though his dream, though the same as that of so many lads, had a better chance to come true than most.

By the age of 13 he was sent to represent his church group at the Boys' Parliament in Toronto. He won the Public School Scholarship in his last year and topped his class every year he was in Glebe, winning the Collegiate Medal. Tackling accountancy next, he was gold medallist of his class, within a year thereafter was offered a junior partnership in a big New York firm of accountants, but turned it down in favor of returning to Canada.

That brings us to the year 1940, when Frank Orme joined the R.C.A.F., headed the class that took its wings the next spring at Uplands. Then he went overseas and the streams of wonderful letters flowed back to Mildred Orme. Mrs. Orme's husband died of heart trouble in 1940, her daughter Betty's airforce husband crashed on patrol off the west coast just after Pearl Harbor, son Jimmy, in the army, followed Frank overseas, daughter Edith did that which her mother at her age would never have been permitted to do—took a "job" in the Bank of Canada.

Ultimate Tragedy

Frank's ideas changed overseas, he saw things in England and Europe he had never known about, and, like most youngsters in the services, went "left" in his thinking. It was a mental outlook, not a political party influence. He was thinking away on things, bursting with what he wanted to do and for Canada when the armed struggle was over. Then came that lowflying action over the docks of Rotterdam in July 1941, when the lads manoeuvered their old Blenheim bombers so low that Frank came out with a bit of ship's spar stuck in his plane. Winston Churchill spoke. Never, he said, since the Charge of the Light Brigade had men shown greater courage. Frank was recommended for the D.F.C. They repeated the operation, to finish off the Nazi ships and docks, but this time the enemy was prepared. One bomber didn't come back to England, and the boy is buried with two crewmates in one grave on the Hook of Holland.

Mildred Orme is thinking new thoughts. Statues and plaques are no use. Doing something about the future of Canada is the only fit memorial for Frank Orme. That means "politics", just as he believed. Mrs. Orme and all the other mothers hold the power in their hands. They have come to realize that politics of their own country and of the world, is their instrument of control of their own special sphere, the "home".

• •

SAND PIT

THE gale runs high above me; here I find
A leeward shelter on whose pebbly floor
The wind has tossed a handful of round leaves
Yellow as hoarded gold. A few last fruits of summer
Blueberry and sarsaparilla linger
Withered like little raisins; everlastings fade
Through shades of cream and beige to the wool grey
Of dust that gathers in an unswept room.
The wind drops freakishly and moves
One fragile bone of the white jackstraw heap
That once was clothed in flesh and feather
And lies now on the packed sand.
Fir cones spin like tops run down,
The scent of myrrh is blown from wind-bruised needles.
I follow with my eyes a graceful tendril,
Partridge berry creeping in
From the wild fringe of woods. I think
Many a year must pass before this place
Is beautiful again with twin-flowers
And two or three tall princeling pines.

LENORE A. PRATT

• •

NAZI NO MORE

(A cantel)

RABID as mad dog
To hurt and kill, you'd flog
Out of the world all liberty—
You inbreed of tiger and hog!

In blood and fire let be
Your finish utterly!
Derider of the Decalogue—
Wrecker of decency!

In your self-made bog,
From all you ravish and flog,
Be flung tenfold their misery—
You inbreed of tiger and hog!

TOM MACINNES

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Military Police Were Scarce When V-E Day Hit Halifax

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS seldom indeed that one can take your excellent periodical to task for the publication of an article as ill-timed and inaccurate as that by Lucy Van Gogh in which she blithely presumes to affix the blame for the Halifax V-E Day riots.

It would seem extremely bad judgment for one absent from the scene to attempt to apportion the blame for the regrettable affair, the more so since the matter is presently the subject of a judicial inquiry which will no doubt render an authoritative finding in due course. It is suggested that the results of this tribunal's investigation be awaited before ill-considered accusations be launched against any individual body of citizens.

Miss Van Gogh attributed a large share of responsibility for the disorders to the fact that restaurants were closed on V-E Day and the services were unable to obtain food. This is not true at least in a number of cases known to your correspondent. For instance, one of the largest and most modern restaurants in Halifax remained open throughout although the proprietor had been strongly advised by the naval authorities and others to close. When the gang of rioters entered this restaurant they were offered free food but, without exception, declined, contenting themselves with the establishment's supply of tobacco and cigarettes. Further, the liquor stores were entered and looted well in advance of the restaurants, as were many other concerns including beauty parlors, retail stores and business offices.

Miss Van Gogh says: "It wasn't a riot really. Everybody was in a good temper, and when people are in a good temper it isn't a riot." A cursory study of the evidence already at hand, as presented to the official inquiry, will show that the crowds at times were far from good tempered and such adjectives as "menacing" "ugly" and "threatening" appear frequently in the record and are more descriptive of their mood.

Being a great war time port is no novelty for Halifax or Haligonians and Miss Van Gogh's easy assumption that our citizens are tyros and imbued with a narrow small town attitude is especially sickening.

Incidentally, the prices charged by Halifax restaurants are reasonable and compare favorably with those in other cities across the country. Further, I will venture to predict that, when the blame is finally fixed for this tragic event, it will not fall too heavily on the restaurant employees of Halifax.

Halifax, N.S. CHARLES F. LONGLEY

Halifax Defended

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

AS A native Haligonian, who has been a consistent reader of SATURDAY NIGHT for a number of years, I was greatly shocked by the article which appeared in your paper on May 26, under the title "Who's Really to Blame for the Halifax Riots?"

It was quite apparent that the author was entirely unqualified to speak with accuracy on the topic, and to one who was a witness to many of the scenes which took place on V-E day in Halifax, it carried an impression which, in less serious setting, would have been positively ludicrous.

Halifax has been referred to as, "A small port town, very much run by the Big Merchant class." Reference need only be made to any reliable reference book to see that Halifax possesses one of the finest ports on the Western Atlantic seaboard, with dock facilities capable of handling the largest liners afloat, and with a harbor possessing anchorage facilities capable of sheltering a high percentage of the naval forces of the entire world.

During the years of this World War II, this fact has been recognized, with the result that "An Eastern Canadian Port" has been a headquarters for the shipping of the United Nations. The resultant increase in port activity has caused an influx of population which has sorely tried our resources. Army, Navy and Air Force personnel and their families, by the thousands, have made Halifax their wartime home.

This has meant that the citizens have been faced with many problems which have sorely tested our channels of distribution, our transportation facilities, and our available living accommodation. But, Haligonians have learned to be hospitable and unselfish, and set themselves to the task of sharing with the newcomers, the means of livelihood, already limited by the effects of wartime rationing.

On V-E Day it is quite true that most of our restaurants were closed. Months ago, restaurant owners expressed their desire to remain open during the celebrations, provided that police protection could be given to them. This called for cooperation of the three services, since local civic police had already been assigned their duties and since the restaurants would be open largely to cater to the service personnel.

When V-E Day came, the absence of adequate forces of service police was most noticeable, thereby vindicating the action of the restaurant proprietors in failing to force their staffs to remain on duty.

As for the riots, it could not be said that the crowds were in a good temper. It is more than a disorderly celebration when the windows of tram cars are broken, when the police patrol is burned, when hundreds of plate glass windows are smashed, when stocks are pillaged, when show cases and store fixtures are destroyed and when all virtues of our so-called civilization are forgotten.

Halifax, N.S. BURTON L. ALLEN

Imaginative Writing

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

AFTER reading the flippant story entitled "Who's Really to Blame For the Halifax Riot?" by Lucy van Gogh it occurred to me that some of your subscribers might think this piece of imaginative writing possessed some element of truth concerning the outbreak of lawlessness that occurred in this city on V-E Day. Such mass lawlessness should bring a blush of shame and humiliation to every Canadian having even a far-away bowing acquaintance with decency.

H. W. SCHWARTZ, (M.D.)
Halifax, N.S.

SATURDAY NIGHT
THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established A.D. 1887

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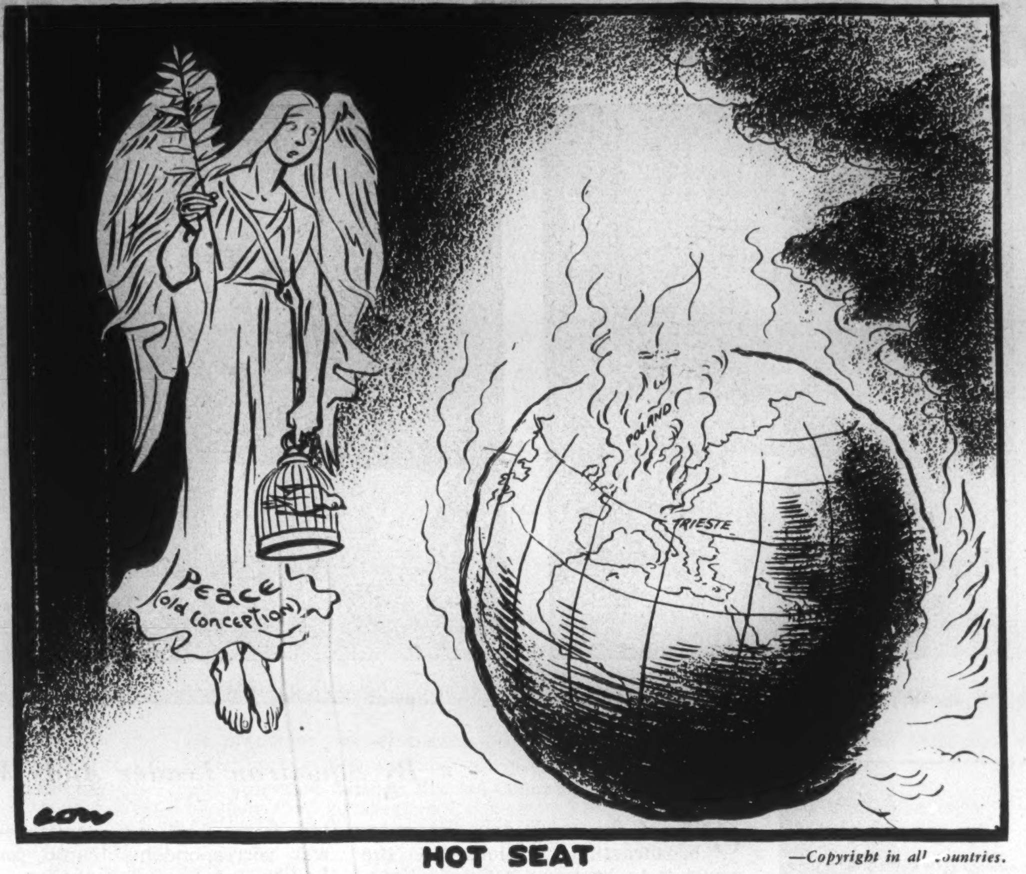
Printed and published by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Ont.

Vol. 60, No. 40 Whole No. 2725



HOT SEAT

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The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

helped towards such a state of patience by our article is our firm conviction.

The two chief points which the Commission will have to determine are obviously the relative extent of the participation of service men and civilians in the doing of damage, and the relative adequacy or inadequacy of the police protection afforded by the municipality and by the armed forces. These are the points which will most directly influence the determination of the share to be taken by the Dominion in the payment of compensation. No writer in SATURDAY NIGHT has expressed any opinion on these contentious subjects, but we cannot say that the same degree of reticence has been observed by all our contemporaries.

If the discussion of the merits of a question for which a Royal Commission has been appointed is unlawful, there has been more unlawful discussion in the recent Ontario election campaign than at any time in our history. We have discussed the Jolliffe charges ourselves, every newspaper and every politician in Ontario has discussed them, most of the newspapers and politicians in the rest of the provinces (which however are presumably outside of the reach of a provincial Royal Commission) have discussed them. Nobody has told anybody else to shut up because of contempt. To have invoked any such doctrine would have removed from the whole field of public discussion the most exciting issue of the election campaign; indeed it would have made it impossible for Mr. Drew to appoint a Commission at all, since that action would have been universally construed as a deliberate device for suppressing discussions of a grave charge against his Government.

A Large Roost

READERS of this journal will remember that it expressed its entire lack of admiration for the electioneering campaign carried on by Reliable Exterminators Ltd. against the Socialist candidates in Toronto's municipal elections, at the time when it was at its height in December 1943. That campaign was so thoroughly disreputable that we felt confident that its chickens would eventually come home to roost, though we had no idea that they came from such important chicken-houses, or that their return would be so speedy.

The Toronto *Telegram*, which had no qualms about publishing Mr. Sanderson's campaign matter as an advertisement, and was mulcted in damages for doing so, now refers to him in contemptuous terms as "the Bug Man" and has evidently lost all interest in him as a savior of capitalism. The entire Progressive Conservative party asserts with one voice that none of its leaders had anything to do with supplying Mr. Sanderson with the information which only eighteen months ago the *Telegram* and the *Globe and Mail* were delightedly publishing, and which we must say a great many of our Progressive Conservative (and Liberal) friends were delightedly reading.

The moral is exceedingly clear. It is simply that dirty weapons invariably soil the user, sometimes more than the person against whom they are used. The capitalist system can be defended without the necessity of denouncing Socialists as members of a political organization to which they are actually strongly opposed.

No Sense of Tragedy

ONE of the most striking things about the month which has followed the unconditional surrender of Germany, and which has witnessed the most tremendous wave of suicides of highly placed personages that the world has ever known, is the utter absence of any sense of tragedy or grandeur in the whole wretched business. It has had exactly the same effect upon the sensibilities of the world as would the suicides of a party of cornered Chicago gunmen.

Never, we think, has the English-speaking race or any part of it come to the end of the struggle with an enemy without experiencing some measure of sympathy and respect for the conquered leaders. In the Napoleonic Wars, the American Civil War, the Boer War, the Spanish American War, even (though in lesser degree) in the First World War, there was felt by the victors to be something of grandeur, of nobility, in the downfall of the vanquished. Today there is not the faintest suggestion of such a feeling, and no hint that it can ever arise.

The explanation seems to lie in the character of the vanquished themselves, and particularly of their leaders. The Nazi chiefs were men utterly devoid of all moral sensibility; the collective nation was the kind of nation which could allow such chiefs to come to power, and the kind of nation which they were bound to turn it into when they had been in power for ten years. The defeat of a man of fine moral quality has tragic overtones no matter what the cause for which he fought; General Robert E. Lee is none the less a noble figure because he fought for (among other things) the defence of slavery. The defeat of a gangster is a police episode and nothing will lift it above that category. These were not great men, and it does not seem possible that by any process of literary art they can be made to look like great men. Their people believed them great because authority told them to do so, and the Germans will believe anything that authority tells them to. But the authority is gone, and the belief with it, and it will not revive. The great man can fail and remain a great man; the gangster who fails is simply "rubbed out," and all gangsters ultimately fail.

About the M.O.I.

THE *Christian Science Monitor* has published a very remarkable tribute to the efficiency and good judgment of the information service operated by Great Britain in connection with the San Francisco Conference, and carried on through the agency of the Ministry of Information. The tribute is in no way undeserved. What the Ministry has learned in the last five years under the able and magnetic leadership of Mr. Brendan Bracken (now promoted to much higher responsibilities) is almost beyond belief. It knows what newspaper people want in the way of both information and contacts. It expends, not only on special jobs like San Francisco, but all the time and in many places, a great deal of labor, paper and money; but it expends them with a keen eye to the best results in goodwill and understanding. It may even some day convert Col. McCormick.

Conscription Issue

IN THE event of his obtaining 123 seats or more for straight Conservative candidates in the federal elections, Mr. Bracken would be faced with the necessity of introducing conscription for the Japanese war. That, however, is the only condition under which he would be so obligated, and we frankly do not regard it as a highly probable condition.

In the event of his obtaining enough straight Conservative seats to make 123 when added to those held by the various anti-King factions in Quebec, Mr. Bracken could assume power, but only by ditching conscription for the Japanese war. Not a single French-Canadian vote will be available, however anti-King it may be, to help him remain in power to enact conscription. This is an entirely possible situation, and is indeed, we believe, the situation which the party managers hope to attain. We base this belief on the utterances of the party's French-Canadian organizer concerning the party's interest in the success of some thirty-three anti-King candidates in Quebec who are certainly not conscriptionists nor regular Progressive Conservatives.

In 1917, towards the end of a frightfully exhausting war of attrition, it was possible by a coalition of the English-speaking portions, or most of them, of two parties to elect a majority of the House of Commons pledged to conscription. We do not believe there is any likelihood that such a majority can be elected at the present stage of the present war. We therefore believe that conscription is not a practical issue, and that those who allow their votes to be determined by it will be disappointed—unless their object is merely to punish Mr. King for not adopting it himself.

A Strange Guest

THE Winnipeg *Free Press* has performed a public service in reminding the people of Canada about the past career of the eminent guest who has been booked to address the national convention of the British Israel World Federation in Winnipeg in September. He is Howard B. Rand, National Commissioner of the Anglo-Saxon Federation of America, "affiliated with the British Israel World Federation, London, England" (official letterhead,) and editor of the Federation's magazine, *Destiny*. Mr. Rand is dealt with in the famous book of John Roy Carlson, "Under Cover," where he is described as "venomously anti-Jewish." And there exists a photostat of a letter written by him to Mr. Carlson, who was passing as "George Pagnanelli" for the purpose of securing the information on un-American activities disclosed in his book.

The letter, written at the most desperate hour of Britain's struggle in September, 1941, reads:

"Dear Mr. Pagnanelli:

"Naturally it is impossible for me to be very enthusiastic over any all out aid to Britain when I happen to know, as you probably do, that one of the objects of those in power today is to use this for the purpose of taking over America and regimenting our people according to a plan that they hope will continue to be in effect after the war is over."

It seems odd that this man should be given an honored position in a Canadian convention just five years after the writing of this letter, and we shall not be surprised if the invitation is cancelled. Even then it will still be desirable for the British Israel Federation to explain why it was ever issued.

The Passing Show

THERE is at least one political candidate who will be able to carry out his promises if elected. He is the Alberta contestant who is reported to have said, "I promise nothing."

•

Up to the time of going to press, no political party leader has been charged, either openly or by insinuation, with using undue influence to cause the moving of the North Magnetic Pole to a point 300 miles further away from Canada.

•

A somewhat difficult problem was presented at a recent Bloc Populaire political meeting in Quebec when the audience cried "Down with the Liberals" because they couldn't swallow them.

•

An editorial in a national weekly declares that many dead men vote in the province of Quebec, particularly in Montreal. A grave situation, to end which no stone should be left unturned.

•

It is awful to contemplate the ruin which awaits the country if the other fellow is elected.

•

Calendar

The lawnmowers thrustle across the park;
The Peke nextdoor has discovered his bark.
The traffic in "prams" is a menace each noon—
And I don't need to tell you,—the month is June!

MONA GOULD

•

With the steadily mounting suicide rate of top-ranking Nazis, the Nipponese should be satisfied that they are now getting the heartiest co-operation from their quondam allies.

•

A writer in *Christian Science Monitor* says "there is nothing quite so pleasant as being lulled to sleep in bed by the raindrops' soft strumming on the roof." Farmers, truck-gardeners, allotment-holders and other workers in the mud should try this some time after first removing their gumboots and waders.

•

The latest U. S. cigarette is named "Coffee-tone", and it is claimed that it is as refreshing as a cup of coffee. Because of the present tobacco shortage on the other side of the border, there may be good grounds for making this claim.

•

Henry J. Kaiser, shipbuilding wizard, is to mass-produce $4,500 houses which will include stoves, refrigerators, hydraulic dish-washers, garbage disposal units, and air conditioners, with lots included in the purchase price. One minor change and we would be tempted: the purchase price should be included with the lot.

•

POST WAR CARS
TO BE LIGHTER
—Headline in Vancouver paper.

This will be comforting news for pedestrians.

•

The *Telegram* has been running "Report on Russia" in its Serial Fiction department for over a month now, and we still can't make head or tail of the plot.

•

Motor-cars made by Canadian plants must be in the low-price field and must not interfere with war vehicle production. Jeeps for the Japs, and jalopies for the juniors.

•

We don't quite get it, but the defeat by the nominated and life-tenure Upper House in Quebec of a tax measure enacted by the elected Lower House is described by the Montreal Communists as "a great victory for the people."

•

Dark Wrath

I'd like to be
The dirtiest puddle you ever did see.
I'd hide from ordinary little boys;
But I'd spit at the little Lord Fauntleroys.

STUART HEMSLEY

•

Gentle reader, until last week had you any idea there were so many radio stations, and so many quarter-hours, and so many candidates to fill them?

•

Anyhow the R.C.M.P. seems to be able to keep its files to itself.

•

Mr. King says this will be his last federal election. While Mr. Bracken has not mentioned it, it will be his first.

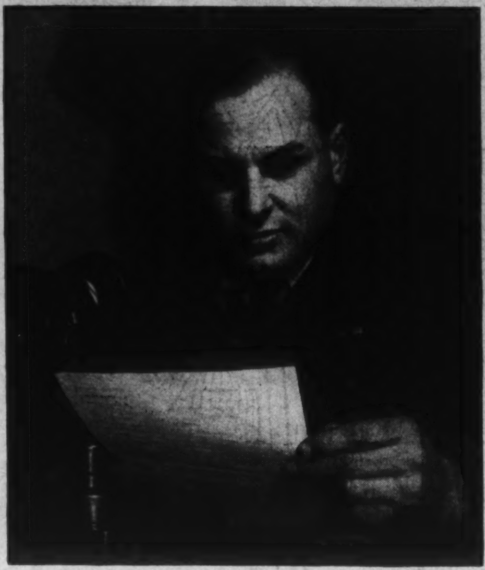
•

Canada has never had so many political parties. As each party believes any of the others would ruin the country, the chances of its being ruined are obviously much better than usual.

B.B.C.'s Mobile Station Kept Pace With Armies

Larry Lesseur, C.B.S. Reporter

Stanley Maxted, B.B.C. Announcer



Chester Wilmot, B.B.C. Reporter

Cpl. Don Fairbairn, R.C.A.F. Announcer

David Anderson, N.B.C. Commentator, stands beside truck and trailer that houses MCN, world's largest mobile radio transmiter.

By Squadron Leader Andy McDermott

ONE of the most amazing radio broadcasting stations in the world is to be found today in liberated Holland . . . and it belongs to the British Broadcasting Corporation.

It is MCN—the B.B.C.'s largest mobile transmitter. In fact, it is a safe bet to say it is the largest mobile transmitter in the world. It operates on a power of 7,500 watts and the whole station — transmitter, power plant, studios, control room and repair room—fits neatly into several huge trucks and trailers!

Ever since September MCN has served day in and day out to bring the despatches of radio war correspondents to eager listeners around the world. Admittedly these listeners did not hear the story direct from MCN, but it was the instrument by which the news was carried from Holland to London for re-transmission by the B.B.C. to the networks and receiving sets of the world.

Some listeners, of course, got the story direct. Principal among these were the Germans. Men of Germany's propaganda section tuned in steadily to make their plans for trying to offset the news as allied victories followed fast upon each other. German Intelligence also listened avidly . . . and so did German generals, especially as the armies of the united nations took greater toll of Nazi communication facilities. For many of them, it was the only way of knowing just how the war was shaping up in their areas!

And that very fact, no doubt, explains one of the reasons why the Germans never attempted to bomb the station off the map . . . that and the air superiority of the Allies.

It was located only a comparatively few minutes flight from the fighting front yet handy enough to the war correspondents' camp for the British and Canadian armies.

"The Germans monitored us all the time and often answered us back," grinned Philip Walker, the engineer in charge, as he told us about MCN. "It was a bit amusing at times."

MCN was the second B.B.C. mobile transmitter to go on the continent of Europe in the wake of our liberating armies. The first was MCO, a 250 watt job that was packed into two trucks. It was intended to go in with the troops on D-day but was banged about in the channel gale and finally arrived on June 18, going into immediate operation. It was used by all the different radio correspondents, and by men of all networks and all nationalities.

IN AUGUST MCN arrived—it's a 7.5 kw. transmitter, an RCA-built but B.B.C.-modified job—and equipment, including power supply, mounted on trucks and trailers. Though it only took MCO an hour or two to get on the air, the much bigger MCN took two days—though originally it was estimated five would be needed. It got into operation in September, operating first from a base ten miles west of Brussels, while MCO moved on up the coast with the advancing Canadians. After the Allied drive north, MCN made a fast and furious jump along the battered highways to its present location, right after the Arnhem airborne landings. In those hectic days, broadcasters travelled by car and jeep across miles of country to report through MCN on the activities of the American 1st and 9th armies as well, since only its powerful signal could be generally relied on to reach London and the networks of the world.

Though the majority of broadcasts from MCN were relayed to B.B.C. in London for recording and delayed rebroadcast, many items—especially those for American networks—were relayed direct. As a result, MCN has practically a 24-hour operating schedule. The engineers lived in tents nearby. Later, as the fighting moved farther away, and other transmitters came into operation, the pressure decreased and quarters were found in a nearby town. Eventually, even a recording studio was built in the town.

There were no strings to the B.B.C. offer to radio war correspondents to use its facilities, and to its microphone have paraded, and still do, many men whose stories have thrilled a war-watching world.

For instance, there was Stanley Maxted, one of B.B.C.'s Canadians, with his epic story of the battle of Arnhem; Pierre LeFevre and his recording engineer Sammy Sampson, who was the first Englishman with General LeClerc's victorious French army; Chester Wilmot, Stu Macpherson, Frank Gillard, Robert Dunnett, Alan Melville--all of B.B.C. Then there was Bill Down, Larry Lesseur, David Anderson, H. V. Kaltenborn, Paul Manning, James Cassidy, Merril "Red" Mueller, and other American broadcasters. Canadian broadcasters included Matthew Halton, A. E. Powley, and Marcel Ouimet of the C.B.C. and Don Fairbairn, a member of R.C.A.F. public relations reporting to CBC on air force activities.

"There has never been a day when we have been without facilities," it was explained to me by Chester Wilmot, who is in charge of the B.B.C. broadcasting arrangements in Holland. "It was due to real imaginative planning by B.B.C. and the splendid work and co-operation of engineers and broadcasters."

The whole station—transmitter, power plant, studios, control and repair rooms—is contained in these trucks.

Engineers replace valve in transmitter. Peter Metcalfe (left), assists Jeff Herrin, chief B.B.C. engineer at MCN.

Philip Walker, B.B.C. engineer in charge of unit in the theatre of operations, adjusts dials regulating volume.

Animating Cartoons Involves Precise Technique

How long is a yawn? That is what this N.F.B. animator equipped with a stop watch is trying to find out. Timing is important in making animated cartoons.

A plasticine model serves as guide for Artist Jim MacKay, while working on preliminary sketches for animated cartoon film on economic stabilization.

Using plasticine models, National Film Board animators study figures and shadows from all angles before actual production begins. On the wall is the rough sketch sequence of the plot.

By Morten Parker

MOST Canadians receive their first introduction to the technique of animation when they are about six or seven years old and just entering grade two. A little boy approaches in the school-ground during recess period and says, "Look what I've got." In his hand is a small booklet of, perhaps, fifty pages. On each is what appears to be a similar drawing. Then he flicks the pages before your eyes and wonder of wonders!—there is a man opening his mouth, yawning, and closing it again.

Out of the basic idea the schoolboy still uses when he creates the marvel of a man yawning, million-dollar industries have developed in the major film-producing countries of the world.

The animation department of Canada's National Film Board hasn't yet reached the point where it calculates its value in seven-figure terms, but as far as the motion picture needs of Canadians are concerned, it is doing a job. The department proper was established in 1942. In some two years' time, it has turned out a score of complete, animated shorts, contributed through cartoons and technical diagrammatics to dozens of Film Board theatrical and non-theatrical productions.

Animation is an optical illusion. It is the movement of a set of static figures, each in a slightly different position and viewed in rapid, continuing succession. The techniques used in accomplishing the illusion vary. The principle is constant.

In feature cartoons you get the basic theory of animation. Consider a recent film dealing with economic stabilization and for the production of which anmation was used throughout.

The economic stabilization film deals with a love-seat. An average Canadian worker—Skipper is his name—examines it through the window of a furniture store. He likes it and walks inside. The next sequence takes place in Skipper's home. There he is, sitting on the love-seat, which he bought second-hand for only $89.95, and he is reading the paper. Skipper yawns, stretches out and falls asleep. In his sleep the love-seat begins to assume a different shape, changing into a white elephant. It walks about the room and then out of the door, taking him and the paper with it. Skipper awakes with alarm, looks at the paper's headline again. In bold letters is written "Country's Economy Threatened By Reckless Buying." Well, Skipper returns the love-seat, takes the money to a bank and puts it into Victory Bonds. And that's the story.

SIMPLE? Well, let's consider some of the things that happen and maybe it'll turn out to be quite a man-sized headache. In a rough estimate, the completed film will require approximately three hundred individual drawings. These must first be done, with all detail, on paper, then retraced onto special celluloid sheets called 'cells'. Now you're up to six hundred, that is, assuming everything goes well.

The initial drawings are done on semi-transparent paper with holes punched at the top. These fall into place over pegs on the animation table, thus keeping each successive one in exactly the same position. The table itself has a revolving top fitted with an opaque glass on which the paper rests. A light shining under the glass facilitates tracing a sequence of drawings each differing slightly from the next.

Now our first scene has a store in the background which remains constant. The worker looking in the window is animated. He ponders, considers. He has to walk into the store. How is that done?

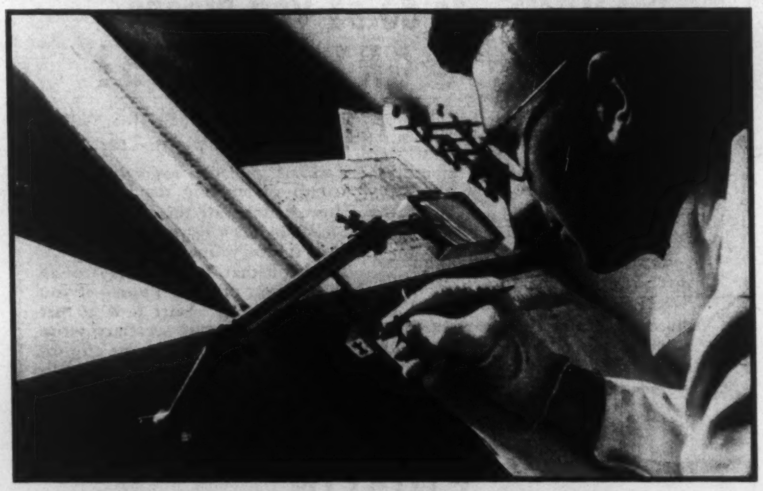
Let's illustrate it by getting him into the store. In walking, his foot obviously must rise. The first picture then will have his foot rising perhaps an eighth of an inch. Over this drawing a second sheet of paper is placed though which the outline of the original can be seen. Now the foot rises a little further and perhaps the body curves slightly. That's your second picture. Place a third sheet over this and lift the foot still futher. This time perhaps the back leg straightens slightly. Just continue the process, and you have a man walking. You also have animation.

Once the first set of drawings is completed, each picture is reproduced onto a sheet of celluloid, the same size as the paper and punched with identical holes. This done, you're ready to shoot the film.

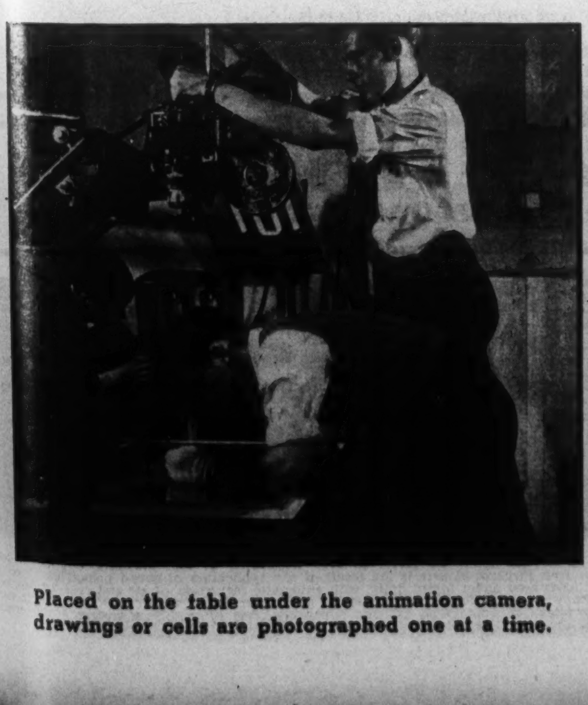
Down the three hundred cells go to the animation camera. To get the worker in front of the store you simply place your background card onto the table and over it place the transparent cell of Skipper. By shooting one frame at a time, you are able to remove each cell and replace it with the next one in the sequence. Your background, therefore, is constant and achieved without the necessity

(*Continued on Page* 23)

Animation is effected by making a sequence of drawings, each differing slightly from the next, on a series of celluloid sheets.

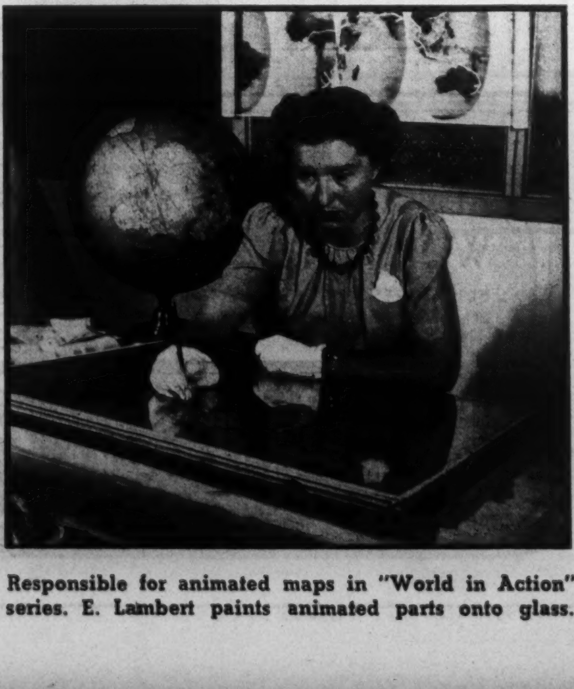


Drawing directly onto film is a new technique developed by N.F.B. animators. Magnifying lens adjusted over film facilitates the work.



Placed on the table under the animation camera, drawings or cells are photographed one at a time.

Artist J. Ladouceur letters title for "Sport Spotlight." Finished title will later go under the animation camera to be shot onto film.



Responsible for animated maps in "World in Action" series. E. Lambert paints animated parts onto glass.

Argentina Thinks Only In Terms of Herself

By DALE TALBOT

Is Argentina pro-German, Pro-British, anti-United States? No, Mr. Talbot says, it is pro-Argentina.

Argentina, according to the writer, has a sense of national consciousness which is exagerated beyond ordinary conception. All its thinking, and its policy, is based on the belief that it is the super-nation and its citizens the super-men of South America. Much of its course of action can be explained when this is appreciated.

The writer is a Canadian journalist who is making a study of the South American countries. Other articles by him have appeared in Saturday Night.

Buenos Aires.

I AM writing this in a hotel room in Buenos Aires. The orchestra downstairs is playing a dance version of Swanee River, and a smart, laughing crowd sways on the floor. Everything seems very gay and yet I wonder if it really is. The Buenos Aires I am in today is not the bright Buenos Aires I visited a year ago. Today, prices are going up, there is a drastic shortage of electric power, and no one really knows what is going to happen.

When I came here before, I found a fast-moving, modern city, third biggest in all the western world. I travelled on its five speedy subways and wandered with the crowds along the smart Calle Florida with its overloaded shops. I ate well and cheaply in the restaurants of Avenida Corrientes, the neon-clustered Broadway of South America. I saw parks that were cleaner and better than any others I have seen down here. I saw dozens of new apartment and office buildings which, inside and out, were as good as anything anywhere. There was real prosperity, the sun was high in the sky, and Buenos Aires was living well.

But as I wandered about, or drank coffee at the little outdoor tables on Avenida Mayo, I detected an undercurrent of unrest, a peculiar tension quite foreign to all the rest of South America. It was as if a shadow was creeping across the city, and I realized suddenly that perhaps the sun was not as high as it seemed.

This year that shadow has deepened, figuratively and literally, because the bright lights of Corrientes are gone and the gay signs and shop windows on the other streets are blacked out, too, and a notice in my hotel room urges guests to co-operate in a drive to reduce electric current consumption "20% below the 1944 level." Prices are definitely going up, the bulging shops are not so bulging, and Oscar, the ever-courteous head waiter at the Pagoda worries about soaring food prices, afraid that the traditionally splendid and cheap meals of Buenos Aires are on their way out. The Government has issued an assortment of new decrees, among which is a strict order to visitors . . . no exportation of metal items of any kind, not even razor blades. And to take away anything else you've got to get a permit, even for the most trivial things.

Where Its Sympathies?

The nation, of course, has been waging a war against the Axis, or at least it says it has, and in getting round to this point we are lined up for a discussion on a subject which concerns everyone on this continent . . . the real attitude of Argentina, in the past, the present, and in the future. What is the truth behind this important South American nation that has so steadfastly declared itself to be on the side of the United Nations . . . and which took over five years to declare war on Germany and Japan? Is Argentina really pro-Axis or do the people prefer us? What will they do in the future and what should we do?

Let me start by telling you something I saw in a motion picture theatre here. The picture was called in English "The Adventures of Tartu," and those of you who saw it will recall that dramatic scene in a Czechoslovakian munition factory where a girl worker, caught in the act of sabotaging German munitions is given a chance to lessen her own fate by revealing co-saboteurs. Her answer is to spit in the face of the German officer making the offer. Argentine applause filled the theatre. It rang from the front rows to the very top of the great dome-shaped roof. It was hardly the response of a pro-German audience.

Now listen to this conversation I had with an Argentine doctor of some prominence. It's an absurd conversation and yet, despite its absurdity, it does a pretty good job of revealing the feelings of Juan Pueblo, the Argentine John Smith.

"Do you like the Americans?" I asked.

"Not very much."

"And how about the British?"

"We don't like them either."

"Do you like the Chileans?" I asked, thinking of Argentina's nearest neighbor.

He appeared amused. "The Chileans are backward and inferior."

"I suppose you like the Japanese and the Germans," I challenged.

"Absolutely not," he said quickly and it was obvious he was telling the truth.

I was puzzled. "Then who do you like?"

"We like the Argentines," he said, and in this somewhat silly reply you've got the key to the whole thing.

Super-Men

The Argentine thinks he's really somebody. He modestly regards himself as the super-man of South America and he figures he can show the gringos a few things too.

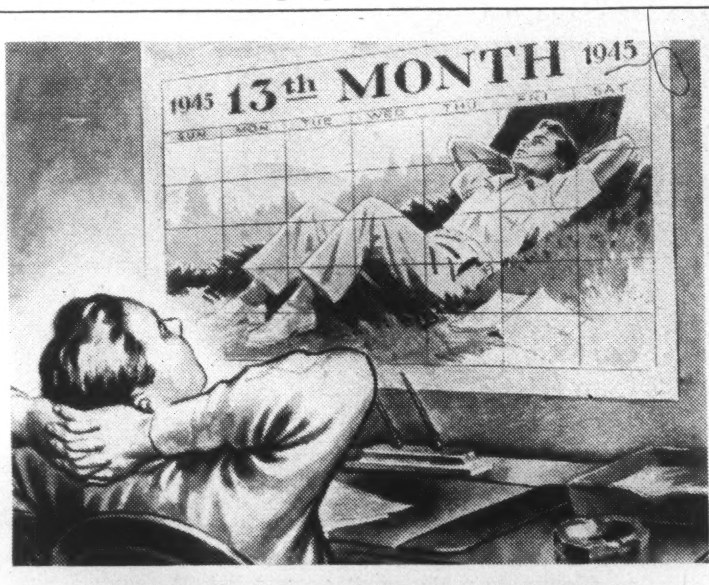
Listen to this description of the Argentine by Marcelo T. de Alvear who was president of Argentina from 1922 to 1928. He ought to know his own countrymen and in 1938 he said this:

"The Argentines refuse to accept any truth which makes them inferior to anyone else. Theirs is the greatest city in the world, their frontier mountains are the highest and their pampas the widest; theirs the most beautiful lakes, the best cattle, the richest vineyards, and the loveliest women. They accept no qualifications, nor will they accept the fact that there might be some other country which surpasses them in anything . . . Perhaps it is this overwhelming pride of the Argentines that leads them to believe that they can live aloof from any interdependence of nations; that they are self-sufficient without possessing even the elementary industries and that they need have no fear of whatever changes may come."

And so this haughty, nationalistic Argentina showed little interest in our war, and in our displeasure some of us forgot that merely because a man is not interested in you is not necessarily proof that he is anymore interested in your enemies. There are, of course, pro-Axis elements in Argentina, the same as in other South American countries, but I do not think that the average citizen, the man on the street, could be described thus.

You don't have to be a wizard in international affairs to explain Argentina's entry into the war on our side. Argentina, briefly, is afraid of the future. Despite those words of Marcelo T. de Alvear, Argentina *is* afraid of changes that might come. She is worried that the lights which have gone out may be symbolic of gloomy days ahead and, as I have already intimated, this fear is making itself apparent in the vaguely troubled atmosphere of Buenos Aires.

Argentina in the last few months knew that the Allied nations would win and she was afraid that decreased trade will be her reward for five years of fence-sitting. "If we don't export, we die," an Argentine said to me . . . and Argentina does not intend to die. Argentina needs mar-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kets for her meat, grain and wool. She has almost no other exports of extreme value because wealth from these three has come too easily. Most other resources have never been developed much beyond the point of supplying the needs, or the partial needs, of the country itself. And so Argentina wants to . . . must . . . ride on the victory band-wagon and in an effort to secure a good seat she declared war and Edelmiro J. Farrel, the president, posted his "Proclamas" to the people.

These proclamations are really something. They are about four feet by three feet, filled with line after line of small type, and look like a condensed version of "Gone With the Wind". If you have a spare afternoon they make interesting reading, but basically they are designed to tell the Argentine people (who were probably beginning to think otherwise) that Argentina has always been a great pal of democracy and has always regarded herself as being a staunch supporter of everything meant by Pan-Americanism. The posters point out that since the security of the Americas is endangered (they seem to have their tenses mixed, or maybe it's just because they're so late) sturdy Argentina has decided to do something about it.

Ahead lies the unknown. But remember this. Everything that Argentina has done, and certainly everything she is going to do, will be with a view to bringing the most good to Argentina. In thinking about Argentina, and in considering how to handle her, and what to accept or not to accept from her, one should never lose sight of this fact. Don't be too ready to use your own democracy as a measuring stick for Argentina. For example, don't say to the Argentine, "My goodness, you have a dictator government," and expect him to fall back in startled horror. Argentina has almost always a dictator of some sort. It's nothing new to Argentina and mere condemnation of it won't get anybody anywhere. Their main concern is not whether or not a dictator exists, but if he's any good or not.

The present Government is considered to be strongly favored by the people. A great measure of its support comes from the fact that it was at first rejected by the United States and Britain. Individualistic and childish, Argentina took great delight in this non-acceptability of Farrel and his boss Peron. The country felt that it was at last on the right path. The "imperialistic" yankees and the British didn't like their government.

Argentina's dislike of the United States is a topic so involved that it would take many times the space of this article to properly present all the facts necessary for an unbiased and properly detailed story.

To North American readers the most surprising revelation of such an account would probably be the fact that for more than half a century Argentina looked to the United States with utmost devotion for guidance and support . . . and got both in generous measure. American clippers came to the River Plate in abundance and American prestige flourished. But the steamer replaced the sailing vessel in world trade, and many of those replacing the American clippers carried the flags of other countries.

Gap With U.S.

In 1873, not a single American steamer came to the port of Buenos Aires, although in the same year 141 British steamers arrived. A few years previous, Argentina sought to strengthen American ties by offering $30,000 to any company establishing a steamship service to New York. The offer was raised to $50,000 with still no takers. Then the Civil War came to the United States and a little later conquest of the Far West. Both events captured American attention, widened the gap with Argentina. American trade dwindled, and when 1914 brought the first World War 210 British ships were entering the port of Buenos Aires for each American ship.

The years passed and commercial and diplomatic problems arose. In some instances Argentina refused to give the United States credit where it was due, or at least refused to do it publicly. "You won't buy our chilled beef" was long a strong anti-American cry of the Argentine. And yet in these protests, which were amplified beyond all proportions, and which were allowed to become associated with other American-Argentine matters with which they had no relationship whatever, there was never any consideration given for the vast sums spent by the United States on other Argentine products, chiefly linseed. In 1937, for example, the United States bought 102,000,000 pesos worth of Argentine linseed. (British chilled beef purchases for the same year—180,000,000 pesos.)

British Got Along Well

But during these years the British were getting along pretty well in "the Argentine". They took a hearty interest in the sturdy young country. They poured hundreds of millions of pounds into the railroads alone. And more than that, they sent people there who meant to stay there, men who were not constantly talking of "going home", men who brought to Argentina their wives and families and their personal code of honesty and honour . . . their very souls. They came to an Argentina neglected by wealthy young America and Argentina, needing them, welcomed them and both sides profited. Bartolomé Mitre, president from 1862 to 1868, a great statesman and founder of the famous newspaper La Nacion, said this:

"When with the passage of time the Argentine nation is called upon to render to the world an account of its sovereignty, Great Britain will figure in the balance sheet as the principal factor in the country's political, social and economic progress."

But Argentina's arrogance and a conviction that she no longer needed outside assistance flourished so that today the "gringos" are looked upon with considerably less favor.

The Argentine story is a fascinating one. The immensity and the detail, as I have tried to indicate, are so great that many thousands of words would be needed to do the job with any measure of fullness. There are good books on the subject and I recommend that you read one. You will find drama that equals anything in fiction.

We've got to get along with Argentina in a postwar world. With her go-ahead spirit, her 13,500,000 people and her lands that almost equal Europe in area, excluding Russia, she is probably the most important country in South America. I'm not suggesting any policy of appeasement, I'm not saying that Argentina hasn't done anything that doesn't warrant severe United Nation's criticism . . . and treatment accordingly. All I'm trying to do is remind you that the Argentines always have been and always will be solidly behind their country regardless of what we say or do.

Argentina is destined to become greater. The Argentines know this and will do anything to bring about the expected development and progress. Once we of the United Nations can convince them they'll do it best and quickest by coming along with us, Argentina will cease to be a problem.

• •

SMOOTH TONGUE, MISTY PEN

YOU'RE one of the toughest men to correspond with and one of the pleasantest men to talk with I ever came across. Now let's drop this discussion until we can talk it over. I'd give up the trifle involved five times over rather than try to settle the question by correspondence. Perhaps you will be edified to know that it is with W——just as it is with you. When we talk, things settle themselves at once. The more we write, the more they get mixed. All of which goes to show that great scholars should visit their publishers oftener.
—Henry Holt, publisher (1876-1889), to one of his authors.

Will this be you in 1965?

"Imperial Life Cheques will follow them wherever they go"

● To young people, the days and weeks seem long—but how the *years* glide by! To the people in the picture, it seems only a little while since the husband took out an Imperial Life policy.

Now, in their sixties, it brings them a regular income. They live in comfort, dependent upon no one. In their perpetual holiday, they know that, go where they will, as long as they live, their Imperial Life cheques will follow them.

Think ahead! Why not provide for *your* sunset years, now, through an Imperial Life income policy? It will give you confidence from day to day, free you from worries about your future and turn dreams into realities.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Proportional Representation Might Have Meant a Patch-Work House

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

THERE are going to be a flock of disappointed candidates next Monday, and probably a few dejected and staggered parties as well. With 956 nominations for six parties (not to speak of several sectional groups to boot) contesting 245 seats in a competition in which—in all probability—one party will get all the prizes, there is bound to be deep chagrin in diverse places when the smoke has rolled away and the survivors are counted.

In the long run, it might not be a bad thing, either. There is a limit to the usefulness of political fragmentation.

This election may turn out to have been the high-water mark of particularism. By the time the next general election comes around some of the less vigorous offshoots may have died down, and the multi-party contest become a rarity instead of a commonplace.

Parliamentary reformers often agitate for proportional representation. (I have done it myself). Theoretically it is the only fair system of choosing members for a legislature, and yet in the current circumstances I am not sorry we haven't got it in Canada today. The result this time would almost certainly be a crazy patch-work quilt of motley groups, creating an impossible parliamentary situation, which could only be met—if at all—by an unholy alliance of incompatible parties. The other alternative would be another general election immediately, with no assurance that it would improve the situation. And in the meantime a serious, perhaps fatal delay would thus be imposed upon plans for the final stages of the war and the postwar world. Our parliamentary system is not built for a multi-party Canada: and either we must reform it drastically or get back to two major parties.

Taking the latest Gallup poll at its face value, a precise mathematical application of the voting next Monday would give us the following House of Commons:

Liberals	95	members
Prog.-Cons.	69	"
C. C. F.	46	"
Bloc Populaire	15	"
Social Credit and Labor-Progressives etc.	20	"

Allowing for the fact that 123 members are required for a bare majority, what kind of stable government could be built up out of an assortment like that? A Liberal coalition with the Progressive Conservatives? Could the Quebec Liberal Nationalists team up for long with the Tory Imperialist wing of the Conservative party? With the C. C. F.? Haven't the Liberals done enough compromising now? Could they ignore their lip-service to the philosophical tenets of individual freedom and link up with a party committed to socialism? Is there any other possible combination which would give Canada a government for the next five years? And yet, our current crop of parties and members, chosen with all the refinements of a scientific proportional representation, would, next Monday, give us exactly that House of Commons.

Fortunately, I would say under the circumstances, there is little to support the idea that any such deadlock will result. The simple single-choice ballot does, it is true, rather rough justice in these multi-party contests. It is unduly favorable to some groups and grossly unfair to others. Last week I illustrated this tendency with figures drawn mainly from the Dominion election of 1940 and the Saskatchewan vote of 1944. But almost any three-party or multi-party contest in Canadian political history will serve to show how unpredictable, from the distribution of the popular vote, will be the results of such a contest in terms of seats. Look, for example, at the New Brunswick provincial election of August 28, 1944:

Party	Popular Vote	Seats
Liberals	282,367	36
Conservatives	233,401	12
C. C. F.	68,248	0

There the Liberals, with less than 50% of the popular vote, elected 75% of the members; the Conservatives, with nearly 40% of the vote, secured only 25% of the seats, while the C. C. F. polling nearly 12% of the vote, and thus qualifying for six members, did not elect a single cadidate.

If any principle can be discovered about the operation of the simple single-choice ballot in multi-party elections, it is in the language of the biblical prophecy:

"Unto every one that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

Polling vs. Electing

I expect to hear a great howl go up for proportional representation after next Monday, because I believe that a number of the smaller groups are going to find out that it is one thing to poll a large vote and another to elect candidates. By and large, I would expect Monday's election to favor the Liberals and the Progressive Conservatives at the expense of the smaller groups. But this must be modified and corrected by a study of local concentrations.

This was well illustrated in the 1935 Dominion general election, when Hon. H. H. Stevens, with a third of a million votes, elected one candidate, while the new Social Credit party, with about half that many, elected 17. The Reconstruction vote was diffused over half the Dominion, while the Social Credit strength was concentrated in a few seats in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Why sectional groups should persist in contesting Dominion elections which they could not possibly win even if they elected all their candidates remains something of a mystery, although it is certainly their privilege in a free country. The Social Credit party this time has candidates in 94 seats and the Labor-Progressives in 69; the Bloc Populaire in a portion of the seats of one province only. None of them can hope to elect more than a handful of members; none of them can hope to be represented in the House of Commons except on the Opposition benches.

Futility

The Social Credit party is contesting 42 seats in Quebec and will be lucky to elect two members there; the Labor-Progressives are contesting 14 seats in Alberta, where, in view of the stiff fight between Social Credit, Liberals, Progressive Conservatives and C. C. F. they will do well to elect even one. It may be good clean fun for one or two or even three campaigns, but if it goes on failing it is futile and if it ultimately succeeds it will probably destroy our parliamentary system.

If a sectional group believes it has the makings of a national party, of course, that is an entirely different matter. It is the privilege of any minority in a democracy to attempt to persuade the voters to make it the majority and to give it the responsibility of running the country. But why a provincial group like the Bloc Populaire runs in a general election; or why the Social Credit party in view of its limited program and its ten-year experience, does not either grow up or drop out, is not so easy to explain.

The undesirability of a multi-party political pattern in Canada is quite evident to Mr. Coldwell himself, although his solution of it would probably not appeal either to Mr. Mackenzie King or Mr. Bracken. In an interview which the C. C. F. leader gave to an Ottawa newspaper in January 1944, he said, when asked to comment upon proportional representation:

"I think that democracy works best when there is a government and an alternative—two parties with clearly defined policies—which we have not had in Canada for some years, but which the C. C. F. is rapidly bringing about. I would like to see the two old parties (Liberals and Conservatives) join together, with the C. C. F. on the alternative side."

Mr. Mackenzie King, in turn, offered another solution while on his western tour. He advised ardent young political reformers to get inside one or another of the old parties and do their reforming from within. In so saying, the Liberal leader left himself open to the retort that if the Liberal party had kicked out more of its own die-hard Tories and kept abreast of the times there would not have been the same temptation for young reformers to go sadly away and build temples of their own.

Mr. Coldwell's confident words about the C. C. F. rapidly bringing about a two-party system will be put to the trial on Monday next. Will the "south-east corner" of the House—the "diagonally opposites"—be a host or a rag-tag remnant? We shall soon see.

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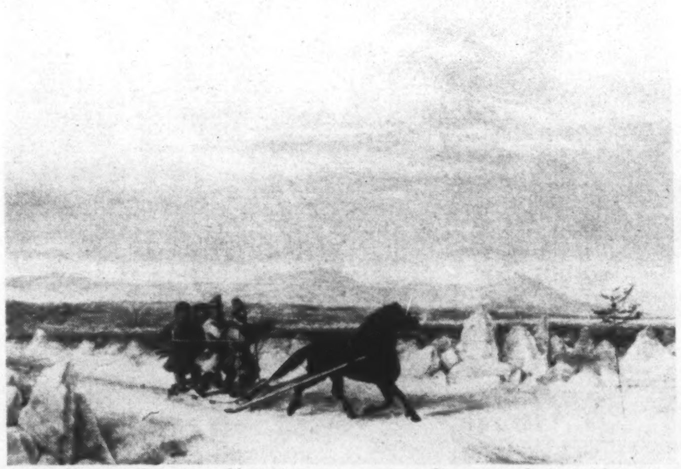

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King May Even Get An Over-All Majority

By C. TREVOR JONES

The writer of this forecast is an Ottawa man, close to political circles, writing under a pseudonym. A thoroughly experienced journalist, he recently completed a trip across Canada during which he was in touch with political observers and party officials in all provinces.

As a general conclusion, he finds that the feeling is that the Government will probably wind-up with an over-all majority. Imponderables, however, play an extraordinarily large part in this election.

WHETHER or not individuals consulted desire a return of the Liberal administration a vast number of those one runs into across Canada are reconciled to it. With the general election, as this is written, only a few days away there has as yet been no manifestation of enthusiasm for either of the opposition parties sufficient to indicate a defeat for Mr. King.

As the election campaign has proceeded spokesmen for all parties have gained a respectful hearing. There have been some displays of zeal for the Progressive-Conservative and the C.C.F. cause which have indicated voting strength sufficient to turn a number of present Liberal seats into one or other of the opposition columns, but at the same time the Liberals have appeared to be making important gains with their claim that no other party has a chance of electing a majority of the members of the new house and thus assuring a stable government.

A combination of the view of party organizers, campaigners and other observers who have been around in all provinces since the campaign started indicates that it is probable the Government will wind up with an over-all majority when all votes are counted and that the Liberals are almost certain to have the largest group.

Silent Voter

This election, however, is no different from others and the silent voter has yet to be heard from. The feelings which move him after five years of war and as he looks ahead into a somewhat uncertain period of peace are but imperfectly reflected by the people who are busy trying to win his support and who meet him casually on the street. There are always possibilities of new issues arising at the last minute and of old issues taking on new emphasis in the light of new facts disclosed and new allegations of fact.

The large number of candidates in the field and the increasingly volatile character of the vote in many parts of Canada as demonstrated in recent elections makes this election a little more difficult than others to predict. Take the case of the Saskatchewan constituency of Qu'Appelle where Defence Minister McNaughton is making his second bid for a seat in Parliament and is opposed by the Progressive-Conservative member in the last Parliament, E. E. Perley, and a strong C. C. F. campaigner, Mrs. Gladys Strum.

In 1940 Mr. Perley had more than 8,000 votes against over 6,000 for his Liberal opponent. The vote was about the same in 1935. In the Saskatchewan provincial election last year, however, for the constituency of Qu'Appelle - Wolseley the Progressive-Conservative candidate polled less than 1,000 votes. The Liberal vote was just over 3,000 and the C. C. F. candidate won with just over 4,000. Presumably Mr. Perley will get back some of the Progressive-Conservative votes which went wandering in the provincial election. If he gets them all back he will win. If they go to the C. C. F., which is unlikely this time, Mrs. Strum wins. If General McNaughton can hold the Liberal vote, which seems to have remained relatively constant in three elections, and the other votes are divided he stands a good chance of winning.

Saskatchewan

It is in Saskatchewan that the C. C. F. hopes of gains are strongest. It is also in that province, scene of the first C. C. F. triumph in a provincial election that the anti-C. C. F. people would most like to set the youngest national party back on its heels. It is the province which is probably the most election-conscious. Observers in the province expect the C. C. F. to do well but not as well as in the provincial election, to take upwards of half the seats, mainly at the expense of the Liberals.

Social Credit still retains its solid following in Alberta but again the last provincial election is no sure guide to the results on June 11. Then the accepted efficiency of the Social Credit government and the desire of old-line Liberals and Conservatives to stop the C. C. F. gave the Manning government a lot of votes. Social Credit is expected to hold amost all of its present 10 federal seats, with most of the others going to the Liberals and perhaps one or more to the Progressive-Conservatives.

British Columbia is not as rosy a prospect for the C. C. F. as it once was but no party can claim many gains with confidence. Guessers are inclined to make a three-way division of its 16 seats. Quarrels within the C. C. F. ranks and the intrusion of Labor-Progressives are embarrassing to the Coldwell followers.

Ontario Pro-Drew Pro-King

The Manitoba outlook is good for the Liberals but they stand to lose perhaps five of the 15 seats they won in 1940 with Progressive-Conservatives, C. C. F. and Labor-Progressives standing to pick up their losses.

The significant thing about sentiment in Ontario prior to the Provincial vote was the number of people of both Liberal and Conservative views who were pro-Drew and Pro-King at the same time. Except for the C. C. F. zealots and the equally zealous followers of the Labor-Progressives there was no indication that Ontario sentiment was against the Government, either provincially or federally. On the contrary the desire for stability in administration during the war to peace transition period seemed more marked there than in other provinces. This desire led many voters who were sour on the King administration because of the manpower affair to seek justification for a Liberal vote in the Government's record on other matters such as price control. That politicians on both sides of the fence as between the two old parties realized the sentiment of a lot of Ontario voters as being pro-Government was evidenced by the way they conducted their campaigns.

Premier Drew, a sharp critic of the King government in the past, and one who has frequently injected his views into federal affairs had nothing to say against the Prime Minister and his record prior to voting in Ontario. During the same period Liberal campaigners in the federal interest observed a like moderation in regard to Mr. Drew and his record in the provincial field. Provincial Progressive-Conservatives took no chances on

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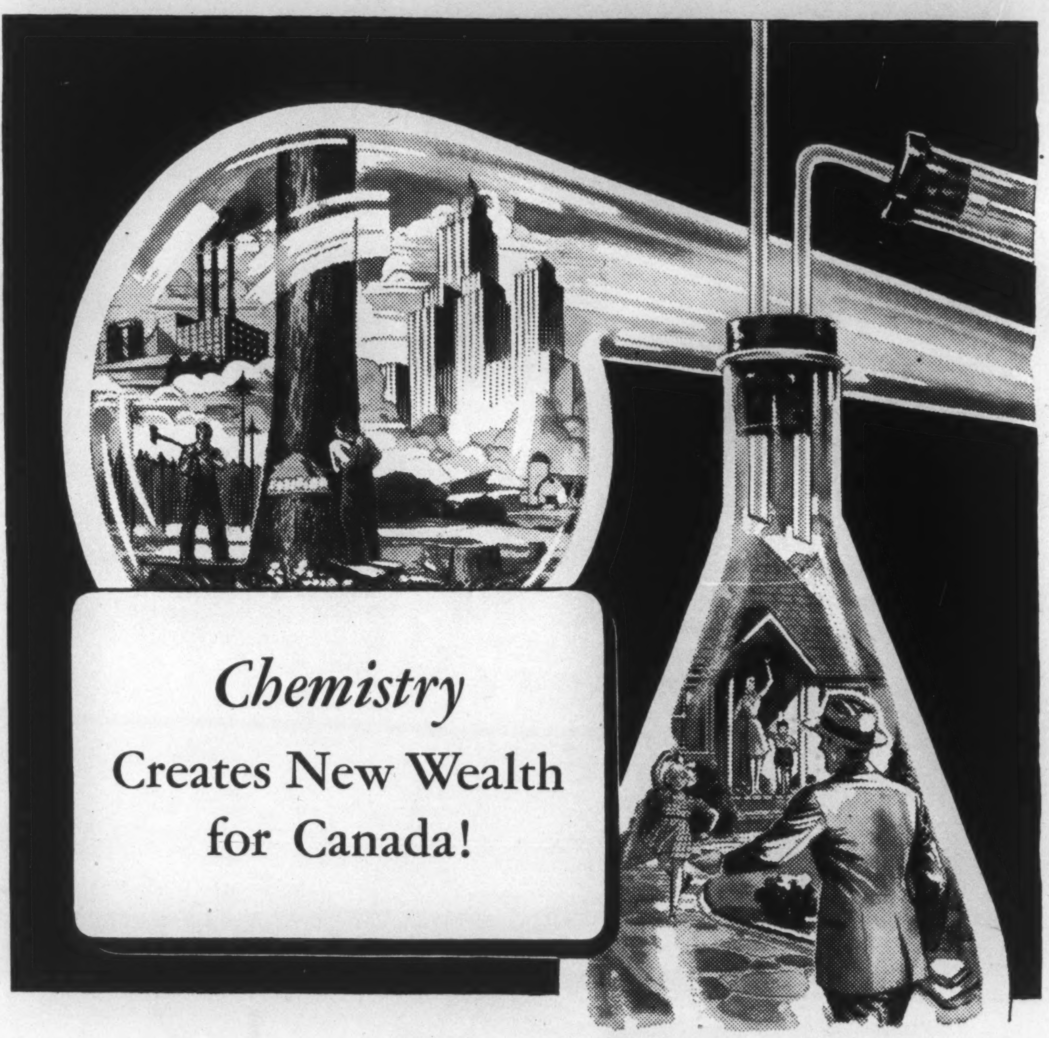
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alienating Pro-King voters and Federal Liberals avoided offence to pro-Drew voters.

The sweeping victory of Mr. Drew in the provincial election will of course have federal reflections. It will bolster Conservative confidence and, particularly in the Province itself, may be looked to to swing some close seats to the Tories. But equally significant, if not more so, would appear to be the stunning C. C. F. defeat. Particularly in view of the mercurial political temperament of the typical C. C. F. voter and his natural affinity to the Liberals as an alternative it would not be surprising if Mr. King was actually the gainer out of the landslide in Ontario.

The underlying pro-King sentiment in French-Canada and the large number of candidates contesting Quebec constituencies are factors to be reckoned with there. Out of Quebec the King forces are expected to come with at least half the 65 seats. Some Quebec members of the last Parliament who voted against the Government's overseas conscription policy and contemplated running as independent Liberals in this election changed their minds and climbed back on the straight Liberal ticket after consulting the folks at home. Had Mr. Cardin attempted to form his anti-Government bloc sooner and taken a strong stand the picture might have been different. Naturally, opposition attempts to picture Mr. King as a leader who takes too much account of Quebec opinion helps convince the Quebec elector that, overseas conscription notwithstanding, Mr. King is a friend to be relied on in the absence of a French-speaking leader of established prestige.

Maritimes Liberal

In the Maritime Provinces Liberal stock is still high. New Brunswick's 10 seats, now divided equally between Liberals and Progressive-Conservatives, may provide some changes but on balance neither party stands to add much to its strength. The losses, if any, will likely cancel one another out. Prince Edward Island's four seats, now all Liberal, are considered reasonably safe. Nova Scotia may give the opposition a break but will not go wholly against the Government. While the C. C. F. may win a new seat or two they are in danger of losing Cape Breton South where Clarence Gillis has a Labor-Progressive opponent dividing the mineworkers' votes.

Guesses on the service vote which may be a factor in many constituencies give the C. C. F. an edge, with Progressive-Conservatives second and Liberals third. It is assumed that sentiment among the servicemen, especially those overseas, is largely anti-Government.

One of the imponderables of this, as with most elections, is the position of the new voter, the person who has become 21 within the last five years. The young voter is not one to do much talking. If the appraisal of the service vote is sound and if that vote is typical of the attitude of the younger voters, both men and women, still in civilian life, the chances of the Liberal party scoring a victory should be scaled down. But it would still be difficult to scale upward the chances of either the C. C. F. or the Progressive - Conservatives to the point at which they could be conceded a chance of winning an overall majority.

Of the party leaders Mr. Coldwell is the only one whose election in his own constituency Rosetown-Biggar, is sure. Mr. King and Mr. Bracken have hard fights in their constituencies, Prince Albert and Neepawa respectively. The Prime Minister's chances can be rated a little higher than Mr. Bracken's, and Mr. Bracken's at about 50-50. Of the members of the King cabinet Mr. Ilsley is said to be sure of re-election in Digby-Annapolis-Kings but varying degrees of doubt prevail about the chances of the other ministers. Mr. Gardiner in Melville is reasonably safe but General McNaughton in Qu'Appelle is far from a sure winner. Mr. Mackenzie in Vancouver Centre is given better than an even chance. Mr. MacKinnon in Edmonton East is fairly safe, as is Mr. Glen in Marquette.

Of the Ontario ministers, Mr. Martin, in Essex East, Mr. Chevrier in Stormont and Dr. McCann in Renfrew South, the three newcomers to cabinet rank are fairly safe, but Mr. Mitchell in Welland, Mr. Gibson in Hamilton West and Mr. Howe in Port Arthur are uncertain. The seats of all Quebec ministers must be counted in jeopardy. Mr. MacLaren in Saint John-Albert is contesting a traditionally Conservative seat.

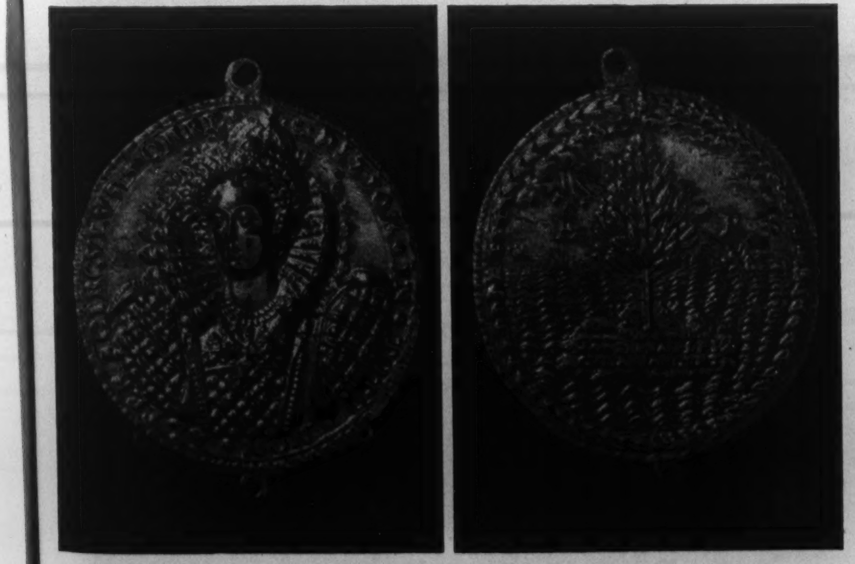
Armada Jewel Given To People of Ontario

By C. T. CURRELLY

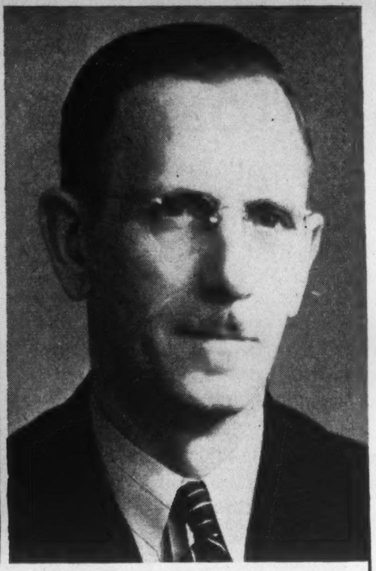
NOW that we have turned from consideration of casualty lists to the time when the boys come home, the question of medals comes into the minds of many.

The first medal ever given to warriors was a large gold medal given by Queen Elizabeth, who had a marvellously beautiful portrait of herself struck, a little more than three quarter face, and on the reverse an island in a ship-dotted sea growing a most beautiful tree. This was to be worn around the neck as a jewel, not pinned on one side as the modern medal is. Queen Elizabeth's outstanding failing was her parsimony, and she didn't strike very many of these; only a few for the more important leaders. Of these very few indeed have survived.

H. R. Jackman, M.P., the well known medal enthusiast, has presented one of the few surviving ones to the Royal Ontario Museum, and with it is donating a collection of British medals as complete as can be obtained. This is going to be a very popular exhibit.



Front and back of the first medal for warriors given by Queen Elizabeth.



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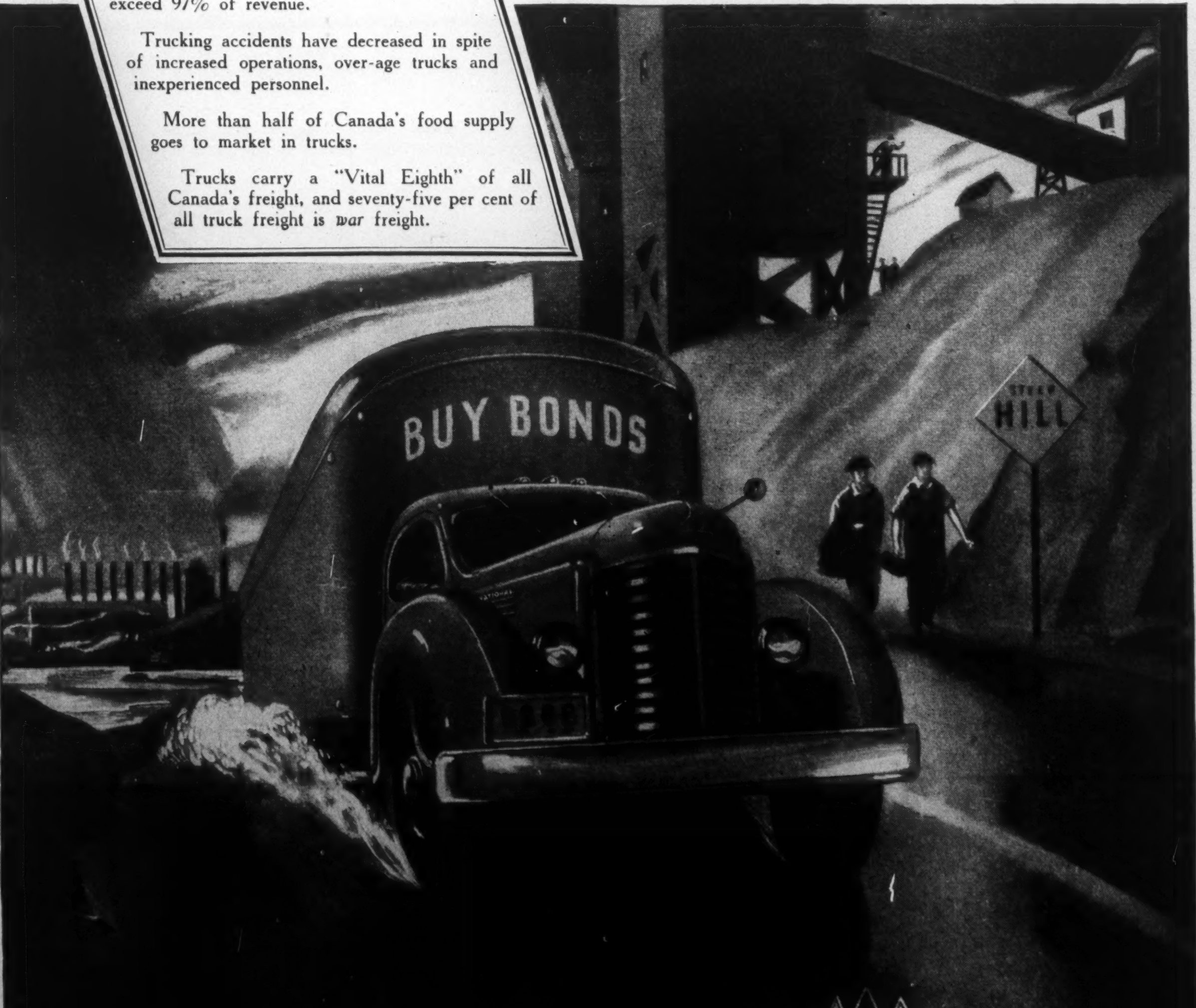

INTERNATIONAL

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Blind Optimism Mood of Most Americans

By ALLAN WATSON

In this article Mr. Watson questions the basis of what he terms the "easy optimism" which enabled V-E Day to pass by with the American stock markets at new eight-year highs, and with American business men confident that no slump is in sight.

The writer believes that "a state of optimism has been built up of its own weight . . . the easy, unthinking optimism of 1929?"

Tujunga, Cal.

FROM my watchtower in the Southern California hills,' and from various trips into Los Angeles, only a dozen miles away, I have recently been observing the reactions to world events of those with whom I come in contact. The collapse of Germany has been so complete and so dramatic that personally I haven't been able to think of much else and I've been wanting to talk about it. To exchange views, speculate about the future, for Europeans and for all of us here in North America. To try to establish some liaison between these terrific happenings and our own personal lives, soon to be cast adrift on the waters of "free enterprise" of some degree or other.

But I don't get anywhere for the Americans with whom I come in contact won't talk. They won't think. Apparently they prefer to accept unquestionably the present prosperity, without digging for its causes, and refuse to question its continuance. And as for the war, its terrific drama escapes them save for their natural interest in the fate of relatives abroad.

This is the sort of thing I mean: On the day that Berlin fell I was listening to a late afternoon news broadcast when four friends called. Two couples, both the men being businessmen Now I am housebroken, and I know that it is my duty to turn off James Melton, Yehudi Menuhin or even Charlie McCarthy in order that undivided attention may be given to Junior's latest cute saying or the sad tale of what the butcher said when asked for bacon. But I did think that "Berlin has fallen and all organized resistance in Italy ceased today" sort of came ahead of personal happenings. So I left the radio on.

My wife, as the saying is, gave me a look. I lowered the tone enough to ask the group "Have you heard the news this afternoon?" "No," one replied. I repeated the sensational news. "My, my!" said one of the women. "Now turn the radio off, Allan," said my wife. And I turned it off.

Faux Pas Averted

What had threatened to be an awkward moment had passed. A *faux pas* had been averted. Mixed company had been led to the brink of serious impersonal conversation and only quick action by the hostess had saved a friendly call from being spoiled. The conversation turned into its rightful channels: Jane Partridge's new baby, the auction sale the four of them had just come from and the Dresden figure that one of them had bought. The relative merit of four kinds of margarine. (It used to be motor cars, now it's margarine).

After they had left I talked over the angle with my wife, who really isn't like that but pretends to be so that she won't offend. We went over our list of friends and discovered that we knew only three people, male or female, who, in the spot we had been in that day, would have preferred to carry on from where the radio left off, rather than talk about babies, margarine and auctions.

You might put it down to the feminine influence and the admitted practicability of the female sex and its absorption with personal life. This is partially true because the United States is a matriarchal country. In any mixed gathering the men usually leave the conversational leads to the women. But it is not entirely true. In the male world of clubs and brokerage offices I have found that while affairs in Europe are read about they are seldom discussed intelligently, and rarely with any appreciation of their possible repercussions here. The brokers and club loungers prefer to talk about golf and the Dow Theory rather than about national collapses once removed.

I have found a greater willingness to talk war, and to question prosperity, among the so-called lower classes. Bus operators, with whom you are not supposed to talk but who are usually the gabbiest of mortals, almost invariably have viewpoints. Likewise plumbers, carpenters and mechanics. I think it is because the social life of these people is more limited—their personal contacts less varied—that they pay more attention to impersonalities These are the people, for instance, who formed the late President's radio audience and, incidentally, the people who mourned his death. They do not share, despite their present affluence, that sense of security which the American middle-class possesses to such an extraordinary and unwarranted degree. So they question.

Complacency

But it is not of these people that I write. Despite John L. Lewis, these are not the people who form American public opinion. This is rather an all-embracing statement, and I do not mean that the Union Club members form American public opinion either, but what I am getting to, very belatedly, in this article, is that a feeling of complete confidence in America's ability to ride out the storms of reconversion to peace exists today, and that feeling exists by virtue of the security-owning group, rather than the wage-earners. I say that feeling exists *today*—possibly, though not probably, it will exist to a much lesser extent at the end of the period of time which must elapse before this is printed. In these days anything can happen—and quickly.

But, since April 1942, nothing much has happened to cause monied Americans to lose sleep. Particularly in the world of Wall Street sound sleep has been prevalent since then, as the little pitfalls of worry about the varying fortunes of the war were never enough to offset the joy of the insular American investor in the fact that the market was going up.

Three years of this sort of thing has led to the present pass—when V-E day—the very thought of which caused the pitfalls referred to in 1943 and 1944—passed like just any other Monday, with the action of the market determined by "individual situations," rather than by any realization of the fact that the cost-plus party is beginning to break up. A state of optimism, in short, has been built up, of its own weight. Not the optimism of the British after Dunkirk, a grim, determined optimism, but the easy, unthinking optimism of 1929.

Nirvana

Once again the "it can't happen here" psychology rules American thought. People have lulled themselves into a Nirvana of belief in the inevitability of prosperity after the war "at least for four or five years," as dozens of financial district denizens have expressed it to me.

"Cut-backs"—an easier word to swallow than "cancellations" — are now widely believed to be nothing to worry about. Some of the super-optimists even grieve over the belief that they are to be only 15%, and that reconversion to the production of needed civilian goods will be accordingly delayed. "Technological unemployment" is a bogey which nobody seems to believe in any more. The existence of a $250 billion national debt is an interesting phenomenon and nothing more. Ten years ago bankers in the United States were reviling the late President because that debt had increased, under his administration, from $16 billions to $32 billions. It was, they said, an insupportable load for the country to carry.

Is a $250 billion national debt more supportable?

These questionings apply to Canada as well as to the United States. And to the United Kingdom too. In raising them I am not suggesting that we are headed towards ruin. My whole point is, however, that facile confidence in prosperity to come is not enough. Grim determination to work and sacrifice our way through is what is needed, and the white-collared American is a far, far way from realizing that any such period of purgatory is necessary before we emerge from the effects of this world-catastrophe.

He does not realize it because thinking—real down-to-earth thinking—about the possibility of major collapses and internal revolutions in Europe, and the effect of these things on the American economy, is simply not indulged in. You are considered a horrible wet blanket if you express serious thoughts and doubts.

The light touch is what is wanted. And the light touch is what we get. The light touch of light thinkers.

Take, for instance, the San Francisco Conference. It is a fortunate thing that so many of the delegates cannot read English and consequently (I hope their interpreters are not too diligent and all-embracing in translating news items) will go home unaware that their activities have been reduced to the comic-strip level by such characters as Elsa Maxwell, Walter Winchell and Earl Wilson (he of the 'is it pronounced vodka or wawdka, Mr. Molotov?")

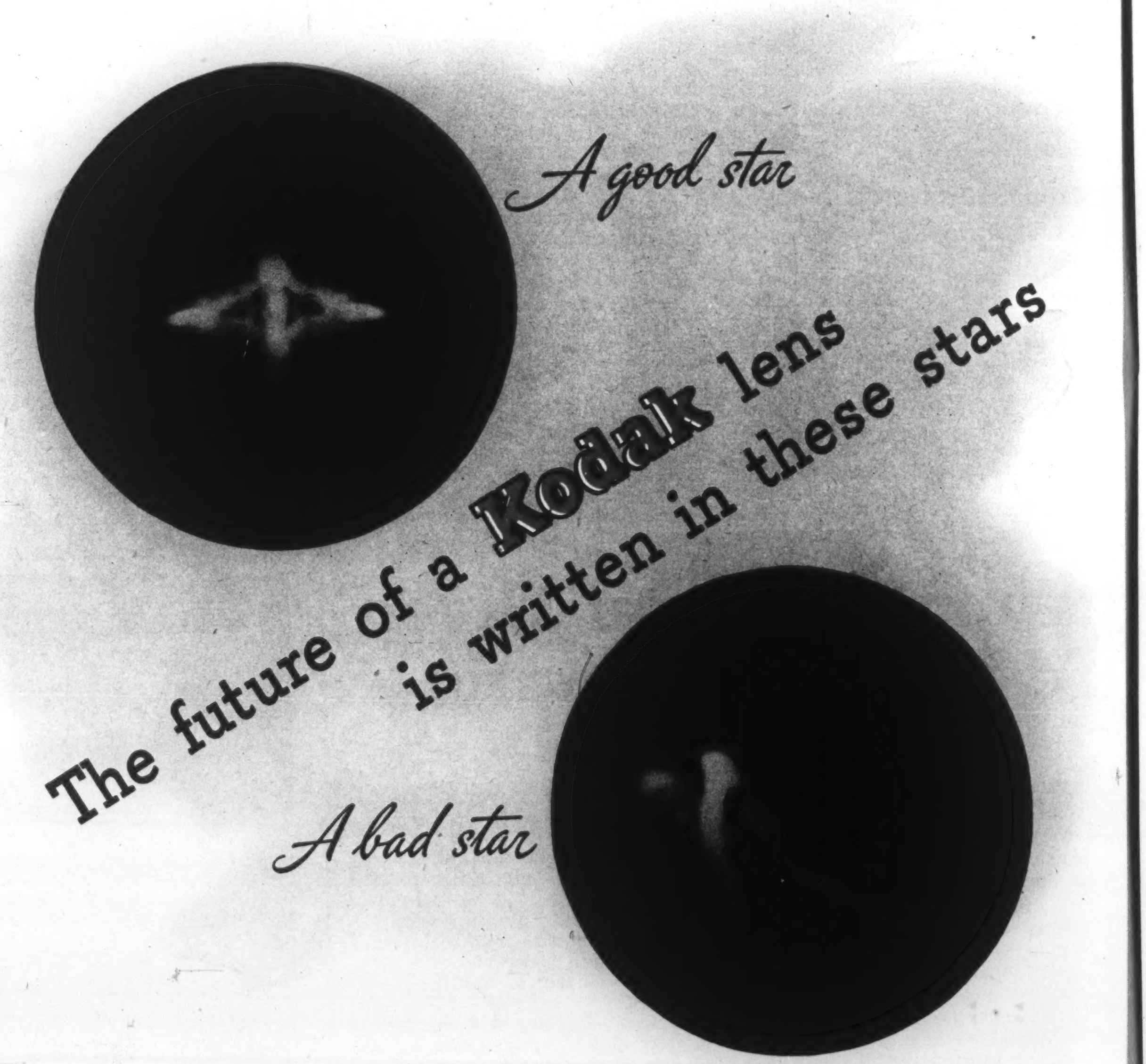
Refusal to Think

The American press has been criticized, by its own reputable sections, for this freak coverage. But the American press knew what it was doing. It knew that its readers would not be interested in serious study of the discussions. So it sent along its "keyhole reporters," its "saloon editors" and its "human interest feature writers" to jazz the thing up and make it "news". The press, in short, or large sections of it, put the Conference in the same class as the Los Angeles Olympiad and the Dayton "monkey" trial.

As another instance of this desire for lightness, consider the last Motion Picture Academy Awards. Dozens of interesting, serious pictures were not even considered, no doubt because they were serious. Possibly this is a valid objection, in the world of entertainment, but I still think that the overwhelming vote for the sentimental, and unreal, "Going My Way" was a reflection of a national lack of desire for intensive thinking.

And so, in this vital matter of gauging, and planning for, the nation's future—in particular, the future of American business—the average American is stumbling along the road of blind optimism, refusing to see that the much-talked-of "backlog of savings" is just the salvage from the national debt. Refusing to believe that a thoroughly ruined Europe means anything to him other than something to help rebuild at a fat profit. Refusing to think about inflation, deflation, Bretton Woods, the need for tariff changes, technological unemployment, and the impossibility of lowering taxes.

Refusing, in short, to think.



AS YOU MAY NOT KNOW, a fine Kodak lens consists of a series of lens elements—sometimes as many as seven—all their surfaces ground and polished within ½ light wave—1/100,000 of an inch—of perfection.

These elements are then assembled in a lens mount and inspected for "teamwork"—ability to perform together. In this inspection, "the stars come out"...

Rays from a pinpoint of light, about 200 feet away, pass through the lens on the inspection bench. Examined through a powerful microscope, they appear as a star.

The good star shown above was formed by a Kodak lens at a point 11° "off axis." If a lens fails to bring the light rays into good focus at all points, the star lacks symmetry and definition—the faults seen in the "bad" star at the right.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Records Show That Year by Year Weather is Getting Warmer

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

New York.

THE weather is very definitely changing. It has been established that the year as a whole is getting warmer, and research work just completed shows that the pattern of the weather within the year is making a definite and continuous shift.

A complete reversal of the characteristic weather of April and May has been observed this year. April normally is rainy, with showers to be expected every day, the month starting with an unpleasant chill with the weather becoming warmer as the weeks pass. It has been the transition month between the wintry blasts of March and the gentler days of later spring. May usually brings the first samples of the warmer and more salubrious weather, pleasantly dry and balmy and becoming more so as the month grows older.

This spring April was almost June-like in temperature and dryness and May has been chilly as March and wet as April. Flowers that ordinarily do not open their petals until May were in full bloom in April. The migrating birds, however, were not deceived for they did not put in appearance until their calendar-scheduled time.

This unseasonable shift prompted an inquiry into the internal constitution of the year's weather to ascertain if the monthly type of weather remains stabilized on a calendar basis, except for minor shifts from year to year that neutralize each other within short periods, or if there is a persistent change.

The weather records studied show that the year as a whole is getting warmer with an increase in the annual mean temperature of 1.7 degrees in the course of more than a century, that the winters are getting warmer and the summers are getting relatively cooler; and that the change is persistent, for the further back the records are studied the greater becomes the amount of change. This situation exists in the New York area. It may, and probably does, apply to a much larger region of the continent. Only the local records have been analyzed. It would be a large task to analyze the records for the continent as a whole.

Back to 1780

Official records of the Weather Bureau exist back to 1871. In addition to the official records, Dr. Benjamin Parry, chief meteorologist at the New York station, made available another set of records which had been kept at a military post in the city from 1821 to 1854 and which were published nearly a century ago.

Examination was made also of records for the Boston area covering the preceding half century, from 1780 to 1830. These were charted by months and they showed almost the same trend as found in the later New York records. The increase in the warmth of the year as a whole was obscured by the fact that a phenomenal cold period occurred in the latter half of this period, culminating in the year without a summer, 1812, and this so lowered the average of the latter half of the period that a comparison between the first twenty-five and the second twenty-five years, 49.0 and 48.7 degrees, respectively, showed a net decrease of 0.3 degree.

A comparison between the first twenty years, 1781 to 1800, and the last ten years, 1821 to 1830, of this period showed average temperatures of 48.5 and 49.5 degrees, respectively, or an increase of one degree. A comparison between the first and the last ten-year periods would show an increase in temperature of almost two degrees, but the data for eleven months are lacking from the first decade, which slightly reduces the reliability of the average of that period.

It is evident from the early Boston figures that the long-term swing toward warmer weather was under way more than a century and a half ago, and the change is quite general for the northeastern section of the country. The monthly chart for Boston shows that the trend toward warmer weather was localized in the spring and even more so in September, October and November.

The average mean temperature for the years 1821 to 1854 in New York was 51.7 degrees. For the most recent decade, 1931 to 1940, it was 53.4. The increase, 1.7 degrees, was very unevenly distributed among the months. The lion's share of the increased heat went to the colder half of the year. The temperature of all of the months has been increased, that of July least and January most.

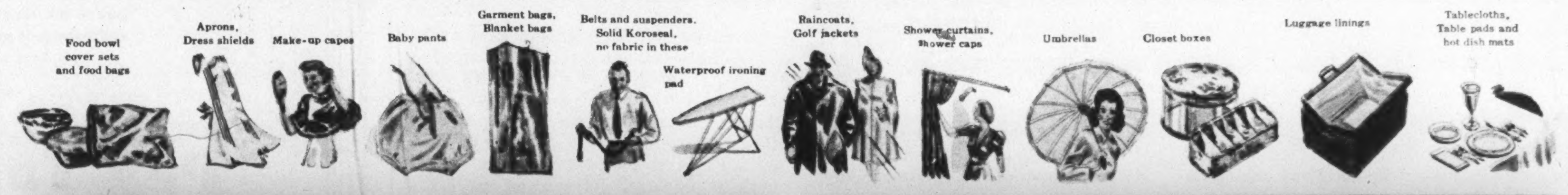
The monthly mean temperatures for New York for 1821-'54 are: January 29.8, February 30.4, March 38.2, April 48.6, May 59.2, June 68.9, July 74.8, August 73.1, September 65.7, October 54.1, November 43.3, December 34.1. For the decade 1930-'40 the comparable temperatures are: January 34.0, February 32.3, March 39.6, April 49.1, May 61.4, June 69.8, July 75.0, August 74.0, September 67.0, October 56.4, November 45.7, December 36.4.

The increase in the January temperature is more than twenty times as great as the July increase. The chart for all the months over a period of 120 years by decades indicates that July has the most stable temperature record, with a range of 2.5 degrees between its high and low points. The curve is also a remarkably smooth one, with very little variation in its steady upward swing. December is the most erratic month, with a 6-degree swing.

A little more than a century ago May took a 3.5-degree dip within a period of ten years, and this persisted for another ten years. This gives May the appearance of experiencing a greater gain in temperature at the present time than its adjacent months, but this is not real. A slighter correction of this type should be applied to November and December.

The change in the April and May weather this year is one of the random variations encountered in the records of all months when charted on an annual basis, and it has no direct relationship with the long-term swing that is giving us warmer winters.

Since it is the summer that has the more stabilized temperatures, the change is probably due to shifts in the circulating air currents in the winter.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THE WORLD TODAY

Dangerous Anglo-French Rift Opening Over Syrian Affair

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE dispatch, unauthorized by the Allied Command, of some 1350 additional French troops to the Levant has lit a fuse which could easily lead to rumbling explosions all through the powder-dry Middle-East, and cause a fateful rift between France and Britain.

General de Gaulle has taken so ill Mr. Churchill's prompt move to restore order in Syria that reports from Paris say he is in a mood to stop at nothing which will embarrass the British and undermine their own position in the Arab world, to pay them back.

In something approaching a blind rage, he has called for a conference to open up the whole field of explosive Middle Eastern problems, and also called Russia in, regardless of the reactions which her intervention might have among the Arab proletariat in French North Africa, which has already seen one serious outbreak of violence in recent weeks.

While there is nothing good that can be said about the *way* in which the French have acted — or one might better say, the de Gaullists, for Foreign Minister Bidault and others have been strongly in opposition—there is something to be said for their rights in the matter, and their point of view. By way of contrast, let us present it here first.

The French have as much right to act as the mandatory or guiding and protecting power in Syria and the Lebanon as the British have in Palestine, Transjordan, Iraq or Egypt. Their trouble, and their chief source of resentment, is that they see themselves being taken advantage of because at the moment they lack the power and prestige to fulfil the role. Faced with revolt in Palestine before the war, and in Iraq in 1941, the British promptly put these down with armed force. So one cannot expect the French to listen to our moral strictures.

They believe that, just because their prestige and power are at a low ebb, they had the most urgent reason to act firmly in Syria. Retreat here could have the most far-reaching effect all through Arab North Africa, and perhaps all through their empire. And they may well argue that a dissolution of their empire into chaos at this ,moment would be no contribution to world security. And, almost certainly, Britain and the United States do not welcome any such development.

The French View

To maintain their empire the French must maintain their naval and aerial position in the Mediterranean. And for this, they feel just as strongly as the British, they need naval and air bases in the eastern part of that basin, and the security of their oil pipe-line from the Mosul field across Syria to Tripoli, in the Lebanon. But they can also put forward the moral claims so popular among modern imperialists. They believe that their centuries-old association with the majority Christian community in the Lebanon is a stronger cultural responsibility than any which Britain has in the Middle East.

While we are the moral question, it needs to be stressed that the French do not view the current trouble in Syria as the spontaneous uprising of a brutally victimized populace. They know, what our public in general does not, that they took first steps to wind up their mandate back in 1930, and by 1936 were willing to conclude it through the negotiation of a treaty almost identical with that which the British secured with Iraq in winding up their mandate there in 1936.

The ironical part of the present affair, is that while the Syrian and Lebanese parliaments ratified such a treaty in 1936, the French Assembly, disturbed by increasing disorder and weakness in France, never got around to it before the war broke out.

French Demand Treaty

When the British and Free French set out to break the Vichy grip on the Levant in 1941 General Catroux explicitly promised the Syrians and Lebanese: "You will henceforward be sovereign and independent peoples . . . *Your independence and sovereignty will be guaranteed by a treaty* in which our mutual relations will be defined."

This treaty, guaranteeing the security and self-government of the Levantine states on the one hand, and France's naval and air bases and security of her oil pipe-line on the other. has remained the whole question at issue ever since.

To illustrate the part that French personalities have had in inflaming the Syrian situation all along, Catroux was welcomed by the Lebanese President after the trouble of October 1943, which had been inflamed by de Gaulle's attitude, with the statement: "Providence sent him, with his profound understanding and great experience, to arbitrate."

Catroux then proceeded to turn over to the Syrians and Lebanese control of all of the departments of government which had previously been held by the French: Posts and Telegraph, Customs, Police, and Bedouin control—all except the *troupes speciales,* or local Arab levies, equivalent to the Syrian-Lebanese Army, and officered by the French.

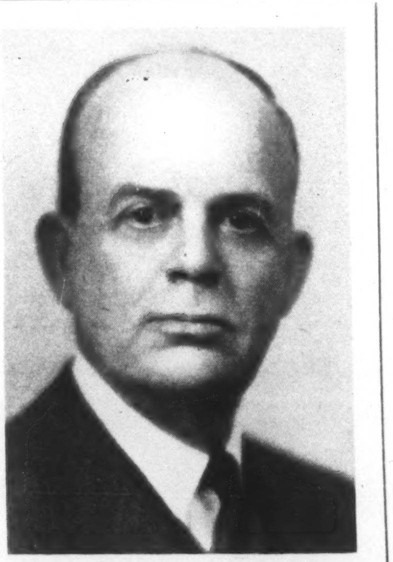
That was over a year ago. But still it has proven impossible for the French to secure Syrian and Lebanese acceptance of the stipulated treaty. The French believe that they have further shown their good faith in recommending to the inviting powers of the San Francisco Conference to the acceptance of Syrian and Lebanese delegations there, as representing sovereign states.

Arab Politics

And they further believe that much of today's difficulty is being created by Arab agitators, and by Arab politicians, of whom a rather higher than normal percentage are corrupt. These, they believe, are merely trying to take advantage of France's current weakness to play her off against the British. The answer which came to de Gaulle's rather stiff mentality was a strengthening of the French forces in the Levant.

That brings us to the bitter core of the controversy between him and the British. Although the High Command in the Middle East is in British hands, and the French are not supposed to move troops without its permission, de Gaulle absolutely will not accept the right of the British, who have several hundred thousand troops in the area, to say that France should not increase her very small forces by another mere battalion.

He argues, with justice, that Britain would have trouble in the Middle



JOHN R. READ

who has been elected a Director of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. Mr. Read is President of the Canadian Westinghouse Company, Ltd., Hamilton, and succeeds the late Mr. Paul J. Myler, formerly Chairman of Westinghouse, on the Board of the Trust Company. He is also a Director of the Bank of Toronto.*

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East, too, if she had smaller forces there. And it is not very far from this to the belief that the British may actually be scheming to keep France weak in the Levant, so that she will be ousted from there.

In this conviction de Gaulle is powerfully supported by his long experience with General Spears, the British Resident Minister in Damascus from 1941 to 1944. Spears had been closely associated with de Gaulle in London in the early days of the war, but turned violently against him. Yet in spite of the fact that he infuriated almost all the French with whom he had contact in Syria and the Lebanon, and was found by objective correspondents to be playing an almost openly anti-French role towards the Syrians, the British Government kept him there for three years.

This seems to have built up in de Gaulle's over-sensitive mind a positive phobia against British policy in the Middle East. Mainly on this account he has delayed for the past half-year in negotiating an alliance with Britain to balance his alliance with the Soviet Union, as seen necessary by all moderate elements in France. Now, so Harold Callender of the New York *Times* reports from Paris, de Gaulle appears ready to go to any limit to get back at Churchill by embarrassing Britain in the Middle East and weakening her there.

The Three Questions

Out of all this, we can extract the essence of the crisis in three main questions. Are the British really trying to oust the French from the Levant? Can the French stay there, after their unhappy record of the past 25 years, with their lowered prestige and power, and in face of rapidly rising Arab nationalst sentiment? And has de Gaulle enough backing in his cabinet and among French public opinion to force through his present disastrous policy of pique and spite, with all that it could mean to the future friendship of Britain and France and the security of their empires?

While British policy under the Spears regime did appear to be aimed at weakening or ousting the French in the Levant, that sane and very well-informed commentator Anne O'Hara McCormick asserts that since Spears' withdrawal it has done a right-about-turn and taken the stand, in public statements and to the State Department, that France should be assured a "special position" in the Levant while granting independence to the Syrians and Lebanese. Mr. Churchill reaffirmed this in Commons early this week.

It is hard to see how the British could do otherwise. While they hold League mandates in Palestine and Transjordan, they can scarcely back the Syrian view that League mandates have now lost their validity. While claiming a special position for themselves in Egypt and Iraq, based on their strategic needs and oil supply, they cannot deny the French the same right. With a treaty with Iraq based on a former mandate, they cannot say that the French are not entitled to make the same kind of treaty with Syria and the Lebanon.

Nor can they play with the idea of supplanting the French entirely in the Middle East when the cost of such a policy must be an enmity with France which would weaken both their countries all over the world, and be disastrous in Europe.

There is no apparent possibility of the United States taking over a mandate, or special treaty position in the Near East, though it is showing more interest in this area than ever before. Nor are Britain and the United States likely to invite Russia into this region.

So, adding everything up, it seems highly likely that the British, supported by the Americans, will still attempt to secure for the French the treaty rights which they demand in the Levant, as far as possible without antagonizing the whole Arab world.

This consideration of the rising unity and national spirit in the Arab world brings us to the second question. We have seen that the French do possess personalities such as General Catroux who can get along with the Syrians and Lebanese. It is entirely possible that once French troops were withdrawn from the cities and segregated in their air and naval bases, and their stations along the pipe-line, and control of the native *troupes speciales* handed over to the local governments to virtually complete their sovereign control over their own affairs, the two parties could get along together well enough.

How "Sovereign"?

The words "virtual sovereignty" are the stickers here. The Syrians, always the forerunners in the Arab national movement, are now demanding absolute independence with no special position for France or any other power. The Christian Lebanese are by no means so definite on this complete break with France.

But is it really possible for such small, weak states as Syria and the Lebanon—or Palestine and Iraq—economically feeble and politically immature, and lying at the very crossroads of the world, to be completely and absolutely free from outside influence in this turbulent world, dominated by power politics? I think few will give a ready "yes" to this question.

There is, finally, the matter of de Gaulle's personal policy, and how far he will be able to pursue it. Foreign Minister Bidault is said to have been incensed at the steps taken by de Gaulle, without consultation with him, which caused this crisis. He was determined to resign, but has so far been persuaded to stay.

There are plenty of other moderate political leaders, and Paris newspapers like *Combat*, which see only isolation for France and eventual disaster, in the persistence in such a chauvinistic policy as led to the quarrel with the Americans over Stuttgart; the occupation of the Val d'Aosta, in Northwestern Italy; the long delay in the negotiation of an alliance with Britain; and the position which de Gaulle has taken up over Syria. Here, he seems to have the intention of playing Russia off against Britain, and opening up every explosive question in the Middle East, and perhaps India too, at a Big Five Conference.

In the argument now raging in France, common sense must surely prevail. What the effect will be on de Gaulle's personal position, in this year of national elections, is at the moment quite unpredictable.

The streets of Damascus were certainly not safe for casual pedestrians during the recent disturbances. Here a soldier grabs a youngster before he invites attention from snipers.

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THE LONDON LETTER

Britons Free to Drive Again --- But Gas Ration Won't Take Them Far

By P.O'D.

VICTORY is the grand sort of news that brings all sorts of other good news in its wake—trailing clouds of glory does it come. One pleasant item of such news, so pleasant that Mr. Churchill made the announcement himself, is that the basic ration of petrol is to be restored at the beginning of next month. The promise was greeted with loud cheers in Parliament, and these cheers have been echoed and reechoed throughout the country.

Everyone is pleased because practically everyone is affected, from the magnate who travels about in a Rolls-Royce of ducal impressiveness to the humbler citizen who beckons to the passing taxi—generally in vain—and the still humbler who stands in 'bus queues. There will be more 'buses, we are assured, and so presumably the 'bus queues will be shorter. More taxis also on the road with the greater supplies of fuel. We all gain.

Even the poor harassed gardener is not forgotten. For years now he has been toiling to keep his lawn in some kind of reasonable order, pushing lawn-mowers over it and dragging rollers, grimly aware all the time of the motor-mower in the shed which he was not allowed to use. There is to be petrol for him, too—not much perhaps, but then he doesn't need much. And so the lawns of England, it is hoped, will soon be restored to their traditional smoothness and beauty.

The basic ration for cars will naturally be a small one—only 4 gals. a month for a 9 h.p. car, and 7 gals. for one of 20 h.p. or over—but the great thing is that one can do as one pleases with it. No need now to fear the stern eye and menacing notebook of the policeman, who wants to know where you are going and why, and what you mean by using petrol for any such purpose. No longer does the threat of fines and a suspended license hang over the motorist's head. After three years he is once more free of the road, and this surely is one of the great freedoms.

Ireland, Cheerful, Prosperous

Listening last night to Mr. De Valera's broadcast in defence of his policy of neutrality—a quite mild and conciliatory pronouncement to come from him, I thought—I was reminded of a talk I had the other day with a man who had just returned from an extensive visit to Southern Ireland.

He had the opportunity of meeting a great many people of all classes, from Cabinet Ministers to the ordinary public that gets into the same compartment in a railway carriage with you, and he says that almost without exception they took the view that neutrality was the only sensible policy for Ireland. They even seemed to think that their neutrality had been of positive assistance to the Allies—hard as it may be to see where or how—and they were apparently very much surprised that English people should feel any bitterness about it. So when Mr. De Valera said in his broadcast that the nation had been united behind this policy with a unity unknown for many years, he was speaking the simple truth.

Here and there, it is true, my friend met a very few who thought that Eire should have come in wholeheartedly with the rest of the Empire, not out of any particular benevolence to England, but because they felt this would have been a long step towards the ending of "partition" and the uniting of all Ireland under one government. This possibility, they realize, has now been postponed for many years, probably for generations.

Ireland is not a country ever to be depressed for long about anything, however vocal its grievances, and he found the people generally to be cheerful and prosperous. Dublin was gay and crowded and very busy. But the cost of living is high, and there are serious shortages, chiefly of petrol and coal. Almost the only fuel available, in fact, is peat—even for the railways!

One thing that particularly struck him was the beauty of the gardens everywhere. One is apt to think of Ireland as a country of derelict great houses and parks growing wild. But all that belongs to the bad past of absentee landlordism. Now people live on their estates—they are given every inducement to do so by the government—labor is plentiful, and it seems to be a point of pride with landowners to keep their properties in the very best possible condition. Ireland has been tidied up.

Wimbledon Matches Planned

The Lawn Tennis Association is already talking of resuming the championships at Wimbledon, though it is hard to see how that can be done this year. Most of the younger players are in the Services, clubs all over the country have had to close down and have had their grounds requisitioned for war purposes, and there are no balls.

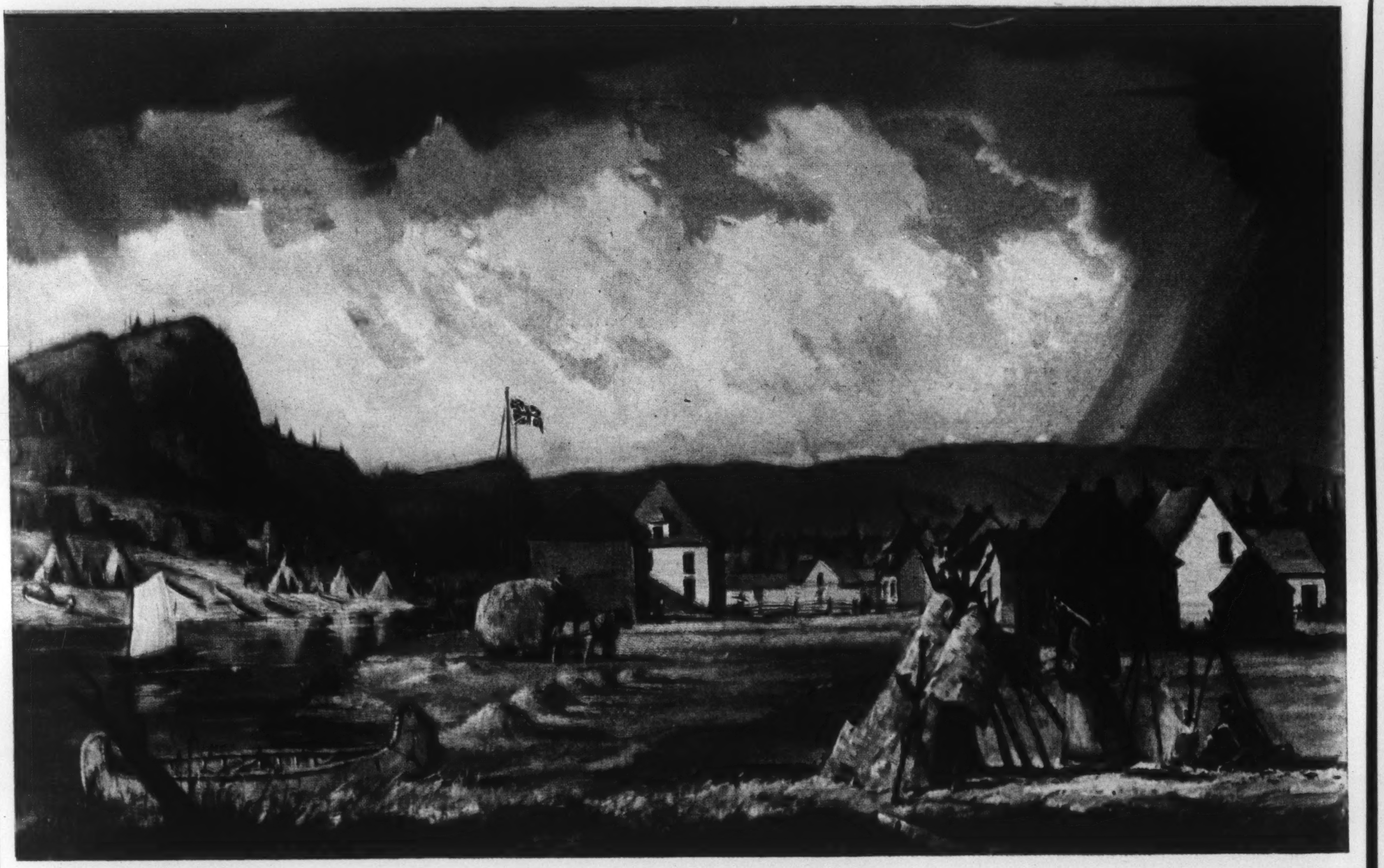
You can play golf with ancient balls, so long as they are round—or even if they are not quite—but a tennis ball must bounce. The few survivors have about as much life as so many baked potatoes. And the prospects of a new supply are certainly dim and distant, at least until the war with Japan has been won. But there is a lot of preliminary work to be done before lawn tennis can be resumed on the old basis, and it is pleasant to know that the governing body of the game is beginning to set about it.

Nature Covers Scars

One of the very noticeable things about the scenes of bomb-damage in London is the extraordinary way in which wild-flowers and others that have escaped from gardens are to be found growing quite luxuriantly among the ruins. It is as if nature were making a charming and pathetic attempt to cover up the gaping scars.

Many people have wondered how these flowers could find their way there in the great arid maze of pavements and buildings. At the Savoy recently Prof. Salisbury, one of the directors of Kew Gardens, explained that most of these flowers were wind-borne, floating in on their own little parachutes.

Others were long-buried seeds springing to life, still others brought in on muddy boots or motor-tires, or in the nose-bags of horses, or clinging by little burrs to the clothes of passers-by.



WESTWARD HO!...

"The Site of Fort William" painted by John Martin, O.S.A., C.P.E., from a water colour painting by William Armstrong, now in the John Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Libraries. In the foreground is shown the Hudson's Bay Post, with McKay Mountain to the left, across the Kaministiquia River.

● Men have written the pages of Canada's history. It took *men* to brave mighty Lake Superior, to spill over into the uncharted plains, to climb the piled-up mountains.

To these Canada-builders, Fort William was a jumping-off place into the vast wilderness. On the site of Fort Caministigoyn, built in 1678 by Sieur Duluth, the Hudson's Bay Company established a post in 1803. Fur traders and adventurers expanded it, breathed life into it.

Today, Fort William is a modern city, which, together with Port Arthur, connects the railroads of the West with the Great Lakes Shipping. Today, the commerce of Fort William reaches the far corners of the earth. Thus from the dreams and the privations of the early pioneers grew this gateway to Canada's West, lusty in its youthful manhood.

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~ Canada Unlimited ~

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Woes of Archie the Cockroach (With Apologies to Don Marquis)

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

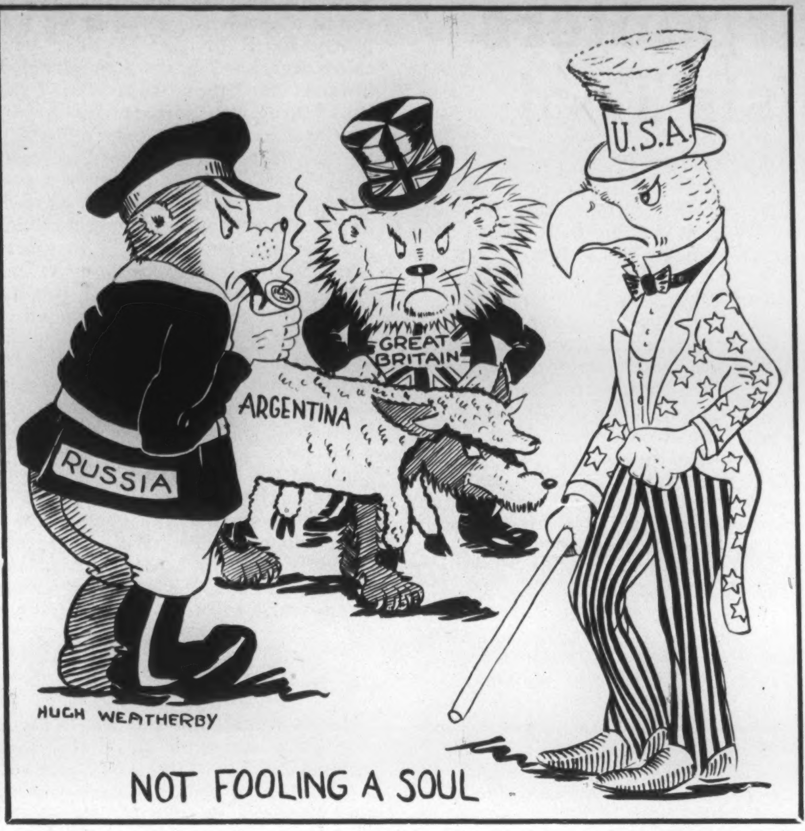
I HAVE just been reading the advertisement of a certain roach exterminator and what this exterminator was advertising was reliable exterminator for roaches oh the human race little knows what we roaches suffer when exterminators give up advertising politics and go back to exterminating roaches.

The other day I ran into mehitabel
the cat wotta hell archie
said mehitabel wotta hell
is it fair archie is it honest
decent treatment of the helpless
electorate to raise all this dirt
just before election
who is raising dirt mehitabel
i asked everybody archie
everybody said mehitabel
i said well wotta hell old girl
you can always sweep the dirt
under the rug cant you at least
till after the company s gone
that is an infamous suggestion
mehitabel said what do you know
about politics i d like to know.
well i ll tell you i said to her
politics is just a moonlight excursion
with bands sailing to the nearest
national emergency and back
oh is that so said mehitabel
well then let me tell you something
you are just and i quote an unmitigated
and contemptible liar unquote.

LISTEN boss i don t like the way
mehitabel has been acting
lately she s been giving herself
an awful lot of airs yesterday
for instance she said to me well
i see you re not on the list what list
i said i ve been living here quietly
minding my own business and a very bad
business it is too with nothing to eat
except paper clips and the edges of
old files along with the corners
of letters that never existed not
to mention various epithets and
aspersions all of them foul oh i ve
got so wasted away i could
hid behind a hyphen however to get
back to mehitabel is this a private
list i asked her or can anybody get on
if not everybody mehitabel said only
if you re a public character and
after all how could you expect to get
on this list because all you do is
hide away in restaurant mince pies
making believe you are a sultana
raisin
are you on the list i asked mehitabel
and she said certainly she was
listen she said there are people in this
town who are as mad about being left
off this list as mrs harrison williams
would be or the duchess
of windsor if they were left off
the list of the world s ten
best dressed women that s how important
this list is
well i don t know i said
but i remember once i was followed
home by a couple of guys with strictly
anonymous faces joined by a hyphen
when was this if i may ask
said mehitabel as near as i can
remember i said it was the evening
of january twenty ninth nineteen
forty three than that doesn t count
mehitabel said because on that
very date the premier was leaving
england for america
what difference does that make i
asked and mehitabel said that it made
no difference whatever and anyway the
date was of no importance
dates are important to me i said
oh are they said mehitabel well
personally i prefer red herrings.
well maybe i do lead a rather private
life i said but believe me i
always leave tracks behind me and
i imagine some of them would make
a very handsome photostat
it wouldn t be worth anybody s trouble
mehitabel said and in any case you
can t get on the list now because
this list if it ever existed which
i doubt was definitely closed on may
twenty fourth nineteen forty five
i don t believe it i said and what s
more i think you are a four
letter word that rhymes with spire

WELL boss mehitabel said she
intended to vote liberal on
the fourth of june whenever that
came go ahead i said but remember
that bedfellows often make strange
politics
personally i did not vote on june fourth
for how could i vote i ask you for a
party that left me off the lists
me archie the cockroach interrogation
mark and furthermore how could i vote
for a party that claims it is trying to
take exterminators off their
legitimate business of research
investigation into politics and send
them back to work exterminating
cockroaches

your little friend
archie.



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Yes, Joe, Carpenters Are Capitalists Too!

By W. P. TUTTLE

Mr. Tuttle's "Joe the garageman", who has appeared in these columns before, attends a union meeting and is prompted to discuss the pros and cons of capitalism with his friend Professor Flanagan. It takes a little convincing, but to his surprise Joe discovers that not only is he a capitalist but that even the corpenter operates on the same financial basis as big companies.

I WAS minding my own business at the garage when a fellow come along and said was I going to the big meeting tonight to hear the big Union leader speak. He was a real powerful shot and was from the U.S.A. and had even spoken in London, England. What Union's he for? I asked. I dunno, said my friend, but he's a great little speaker and you ought to hear him for your own sake. So I says O.K. I'll go with you.

Well, the hall was packed with everybody in town that really worked, and everybody was on his toes to hear the big bug. His trousers were creased and he looked like the spittin' image of a white collar lad. His hands were white and smooth. Boy! I thought, it takes brains to get so high in the Union you don't have to work with your mitts.

He got to telling us fellows about how the new times were coming now that we had all the politicians scared, and eating out of our hands, and employers all backed up against the wall, afraid to breathe, and holding on to their dough with both hands and knowing they were going to lose it.

And this good time is really right around the corner of Main and 1st Street. Yes sir: it's going to see us real workers, sweat-of-your-brow-workers, sweating less and earning more. That's what the speaker said. They are going to get outside worry and scratching like Sam Hill, and everything is going to be planned for their comfort. For a change, the owners are going to do the worrying, and about time, says he.

Well, I says to myself, this is the real hot-doggety stuff at last, red hot and good. Yes, he went on, your lives will be all planned for you from the time you pull on your first bottle, and your first pants, through High School, if you want to go, and you poll your first vote and get married and right on from there. You'll have a good steady job, and time off for some play. He says Capitalism is draggin' us down and if we had any guts we'd get rid of it.

Well, doggone! I thought. Here's the thing I've been waiting to hear all my life. Boy! I'll bet Professor James A. Flanagan at the University will be glad to hear that I have found out all about these robbers and he'll be glad I'm agin them.

While I was a'thinkin' about this thing, and gettin' madder n'madder, so I was puttin' double pressure on the polishin' rag over the fenders, gol durn if the Prof. himself didn't pull up for his gill of gas. As usual, he was in a hurry, and a'twitchin', and twistin' his mus-tasche all over the place, and I was nervous about beginning to tell how smart I was—when he looked up of a sudden and says, says he, "Well Joe, how's capitalism today?" Gosh, you could have knocked me down with a crowbar, and I says, How did *you* know, Professor? Oh, he says, I was to the meeting last night, he says, and I thought you liked it a lot, he says, from the way you was cheerin'.

I sure did, Professor, I says hearty-like. Well, he says, I never thought you'd let a fellow call you names and not fight back, says the Prof.—Callin' ME names; he wasn't callin' me no names, I says in a heat, or I'd knocked his block off. Well, he didn't name names, said the Prof., but as you're a capitalist, I thought it was pretty hard for you to hear your class knocked down and dragged around like that, says the Prof. Why, Prof., you surprise me for an educated man up to the University, and all, to call ME a capitalist—why I'm a workin' fellow. Don't you ever put any money in the bank? asks he kindly. Sure I put money in the bank against the time that I'm to marry Nancy. Well, Joe, I'm sorry, but you're a sure 'nuff capitalist, because a capitalist is a fellow who saves a little money and invests it—doesn't spend it all on himself—but saves for the future. Yes, but I'm not a BIG capitalist, one of the dangerous fellows the guy was talkin' about last night, says I, feelin' I had the Prof. right on the jaw. It isn't the size of the man, it's whether he's good or bad that counts. Like good garagemen, and bad ones. Well, there are certainly some lallapaloozers in the garage business, I says. Yet, on the whole you'd say that garage fellows are O.K.—eh, Joe?

Capitalist

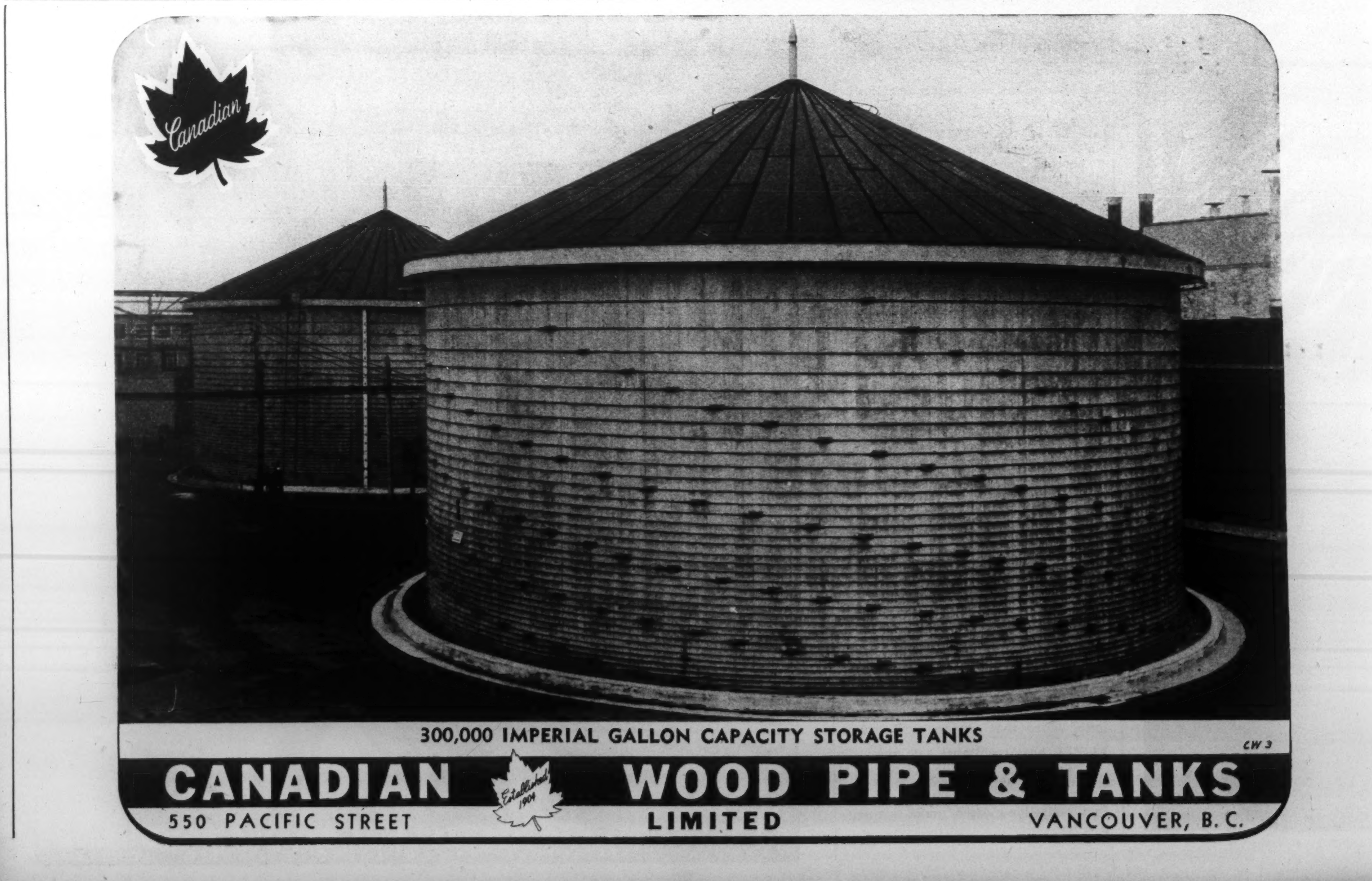
Here's what I mean, Joe. Did you ever see a carpenter go out to a job without his kit of tools? Sure not, I says. Where did those tools come from? asked the Prof. From the hardware store I suppose, says I. No, I mean who bought them? Why the carpenter, of course, I says. Where'd he get the money? Oh, he saved it. Had to have it for his business. Ha-ha, says the Prof. with two twists to his whiskers, so he's a capitalist too, eh Joe? He put his money into his hammers and bits and braces and saws instead of in the bank. Do you know why, Joe? So he could earn his livin', Prof., I said gettin' a mite mad at the foolishness of it.

Right, Joe. He wanted his money to work for him, and it made more money for him in the shape of tools than it did in the shape of cash in the bank. But, I'll bet he didn't buy all these tools at once. He got them little by little till he had a corkin' set, says the Prof. Now, suppose the carpenter gets quite busy. He's a good carpenter and people want him to do the extra fine job, and they pay him more money than usual, so at last he has to have two helpers, and have 'em right away. Who's goin' to pay for their tools? They're young fellows, and haven't got the cash to buy the whole kit they need at one time.

Well, says I, I suppose the carpenter will have to fork out the money for the boys. Where'll he get the money? asked the Professor again. Out of his savings, I suppose, I said. Oh ho, he chorts, so he's goin' to start the boys with a gift of a kit, eh? How's he going to get his money back for THAT? he asks, sittin' forward and workin' his whiskers suthin' awful.

Well he could take a little out of their pay every week, I suppose, I

Pana Cool
GENUINE PANAMA
AT LEADING HATTERS FROM COAST TO COAST
SHUTTLEWORTH



says. Oh ho, he yells again, so *they* are gettin' to be capitalists too, a'buyin' gradual-like the tools they need in their business. Suppose he hasn't got the money ready, Joe—where'll he get it then? At the bank, I suppose, I says. Yes, but a fellow has got to be a good risk to get money from the bank. He'll have to give his note for it. Then who owns the tools, the carpenter, or the fellows who are payin' for 'em gradual, or the bank who advanced all the money? Answer me that one Joe?

Strike

Well, by that time I was in a whirl. It's great to be educated, I keep sayin' to myself, but it's hard work just the same, and I was a'sweatin' awful. On top of that, jabbed the Professor, the boys hear that other fellows are getting more than their old man gives them and they strike for more wages. How about *that*? yells the Professor. Remember, if they do, they're strikin' agin capitalism, and you thought last night that, the carpenter was a thief. No. Prof. I wasn't thinkin' of this particular carpenter, I was thinkin' of the big shots. (I was really wishin' I hadn't started the damn talk). Then all of a sudden the Professor he smiled at me one of the real-smile kind, and he says, I don't blame you Joe, the fellow last night was a smooth talker and he nearly sold ME. Get out, Prof., were you really nearly sold by that Big Stiff? Sure was, Joe, because he nearly made me forget that what we call big business today, was once a small one-man concern that kept growing so that instead of having two men working, and buying tools for two, they have ten thousand men workin' with tools at once just like the carpenter, so they have to go out and borrow money to pay for them, and they have to pay back the lenders of the money, just as the carpenter had to pay back the bank. But instead of borrowing from the bank, they borrow from lenders like you who would like to get 5% on your savings instead of the 2% at the bank. Why, Joe, I know one firm in Montreal that employs 10,000 men and the average cost of the equipment for each man, that has to be available before they can hire him is $1,600.00. In the old days, you'd have thought them pretty generous, eh?

Start Thinking Small

They pay the workers' wages, and pay for the tools themselves, plus the interest on the loans they have to make to buy the tools and the buildings in the first place. If it were not for the fact that there are capitalists like you all over the country there would be no buildings, no tools and ten thousand men would either be working elsewhere or not working at all.

Start your thinkin' small, Joe, and you'll get nearer the truth than when you try to understand all the thousand and one details of a big business. But in principle they are all alike—just like the carpenter, who saved so as to work. Nobody promised to look after him. He had to carve out his own job.

The Professor stepped on the gill of gas and away he went. He's sure a really educated man, I says to myself, and no airs about him either.

• •

FATAL OMISSION

ROBERT OWEN was the very first man who seemed to have even a remote glimpse of the fact that a home market for industry could be enlarged by increasing wages—not arbitrarily, but within what the enterprise would pay. He made a dent in the alleged "Iron Law of Wages." He then lost sight of his own discovery, when he founded New Harmony, in the most surprising manner, for he did not seem to grasp the fact that the conversation of a bunch of nuts does not constitute industry, and won't feed or clothe them. We never could make out why this important point escaped his observation; but perhaps he should not be regarded too severely, as his successors haven't noticed it yet either.—I. L. P. in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

TRUE STORIES OF CANADIAN WAR HEROES

By
GORDON SINCLAIR
Internationally-famous journalist and author of several best-selling books on war and travel.

BECKET'S BATTLERS SILENCED THE GUNS

A WAR HALF-WON
A JOB HALF-DONE

Spontaneous celebrations marking Germany's destruction were soon over—they were brief because we of the United Nations know the job is not yet done.

The U.D.L. plants will maintain their great output of high-test alcohol — "the most essential product in the manufacture of munitions" until final victory is ours in the Pacific.

★

Never before in the records of warfare have so many soldiers fought so bravely in the ranks of their own and an Allied service at the same time.

Brilliant among these is Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson Becket of Montreal, commander of a special service force of Canadian and American shock troops. "Becket's Battlers" were specially trained as commandos, paratroopers and handy men with the tools of war.

On a rainy September night near Mount Ours in France two American brigades were held up by well-placed enemy guns barring the muddy hill toward Castillon. Scouts were quickly sent forward to locate these guns and direct return fire so that they could be knocked out, but the scouts were all killed or wounded.

When the special force was in position for its commando raid, Becket was told that the scouts had been disabled before reporting and others were being sought—the situation was critical.

Scorning a call for further volunteers, Becket personally snaked forward over mined roads vicious with booby traps, plotted his own maps from the lights of gunfire, then crawled back to detail his bold plan to his officers. When each had his objective Colonel Becket again led the way, hoping to beat both the coming dawn and the Nazis. This time he was in advance of his whole detachment.

The North Americans attacked with such sure knowledge of where they were going that every Nazi gun was knocked out within the hour, with but trifling Allied losses. For this night's work of double daring, Lt.-Col. Wilson Becket was decorated by both countries he had served so well.

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Should Trieste Go To Italy or Yugoslavia?

By JAMES COOPER

The possible Danzig of this postwar, is the way that Mr. Cooper sums up Trieste.

As a guide to current controversy, he presents a digest of the Italian and Yugoslav feeling on the Trieste question. It illustrates the serious difficulties in the way of solution.

Trieste.

WITH Italian and Yugoslav arguments running side by side, here is a guide to the problem of Trieste, the port that has been the Adriatic storm centre for 800 years and now seems likely to become the Danzig of this postwar Europe.

After a week here this reporter decided that the only fair way to try to report the situation is to give, side by side, the arguments of the Italians, who want to retain the port, and the Yugoslavs, who have virtually taken over the city

Italy Says:

Trieste is Italian. There are 600,000 graves to prove it.

The Italians point to the huge war memorials between Trieste and the Austrian border to show the price that the Italians paid in the last war in honoring the secret London treaty that gave them Trieste and the hinterland of Venezia Giulia.

It was a just award, they say, for, despite its vicissitudes, Trieste at heart has always been Italian.

It was part of the Roman Empire 2,000 years ago. Even under the long Austrian rule Italian mariners, merchantmen and adventurers in the Elizabethan tradition, built up its prosperity.

The Austrian Emperor Charles and Maria Theresa allowed it to be an open city, always with the Italians in charge of the administration.

More than 60 per cent of the normal quarter of a million population is Italian.

The Italian Committee of Liberation there was the first to rise to try to free the town from the Germans when the news came that the Eighth Army was advancing along the coast.

Perhaps it was not the bloody rising that the Yugoslavs would have liked, as the Italians were treating with the German garrison to leave the valuable port facilities intact when Tito's men arrived.

But Tito's men did not entirely free the city. It was little more than a token force to lay claim to the city while others advanced to the River Isonzo to lay claim to the land as far as the river banks.

But they skirted German resistance, and left it to be overcome by the Eighth Army.

But the Yugoslavs have been most savage with the Italians. The Italian leaders have disappeared, no one knows where. Even the Trieste Communists have gone underground.

And the Italians who fought with Tito to free the area from the Germans, but not to hand it to the Yugoslavs, are now being told that the paper they signed, in Serbo-Croat, pledges them to support the Tito policy.

The processions through the streets of people wearing red, white and blue Yugoslav colours have not been spontaneous demonstrations but organized processions.

Most of the demonstrators are too young to remember the beginning of this war, let alone the end of the last.

All of them have been brought into the city in carts from the outlying pro-Tito villages of Istria and are what the Italians disparage as *contadini*—countryfolk.

The Italians would stage demonstrations, but the young men are being taken away under the guise of conscription, and the women and children have been fired on and killed for unfurling the Italian flag.

Every big building has been crammed with thousands of girls and young men of the Yugoslav Army, and the whole city is being packed against the prospect of a plebiscite.

Yugoslavia Says:

Trieste is Yugoslav. It was a stab in the back that the port was handed to the Italians after the last war under an agreement kept secret from the present Yugoslavia.

Slovenes as well as Italians helped to free the country from the Austrians, but the Fascists denied them the credit, even to the extent of giving dead Slovenes Italian names on the grandiose memorials that they erected, not so much to honor the dead as to form boundary stones for the country they took over.

The award of Trieste was not just. The port is the natural outlet for the Danube Basin, and geographically is a part of Yugoslavia.

If Trieste has always been Italian at heart it has been the heart of a traitor. For commercial-minded Italians there were the first quislings, as they cooperated with the Austrians and gave the Hapsburg usurpers the semblance of being fair-minded rulers.

The population remained Italian after the last war because it was packed with Italians under the Fascists, who deported all the Slovenes, and committed atrocities the equal of anything perpetrated in this war.

The Italian rising against the Germans was no more than a last-minute effort to snatch the city from the Yugoslavs advancing on it.

For four years the Trieste Italians have collaborated with the Germans and cannot be trusted now.

The Yugoslav Army had control of the city before the New Zealanders arrived, and undoubtedly would have subdued the outstanding garrisons in a short time without the help of the New Zealand tanks.

The story that the Germans were afraid to surrender to the Yugoslavs and would surrender only to the British was just part of the Germans' propaganda trick to try to make a breach between the Anglo-Americans and the Russians.

Any arrests of Italians have been the arrests of traitors, and the troops are here for the restoration of order in the city.

The processions and demonstrations are the spontaneous declarations of the people that the port should take its rightful place as an autonomous city in the Yugoslav federation.

Tito has declared that he will fight anyone for Istria, if necessary the whole world, and all but the Fascists are behind that declaration.

That fight should not be necessary. Remember the days in 1940 when Britain and the Yugoslav Partisans were the only ones fighting the Axis in Europe.

Near the Rhine, this British sapper does his good deed for the day by carrying a little girl and her bottle of milk over a flooded roadway.

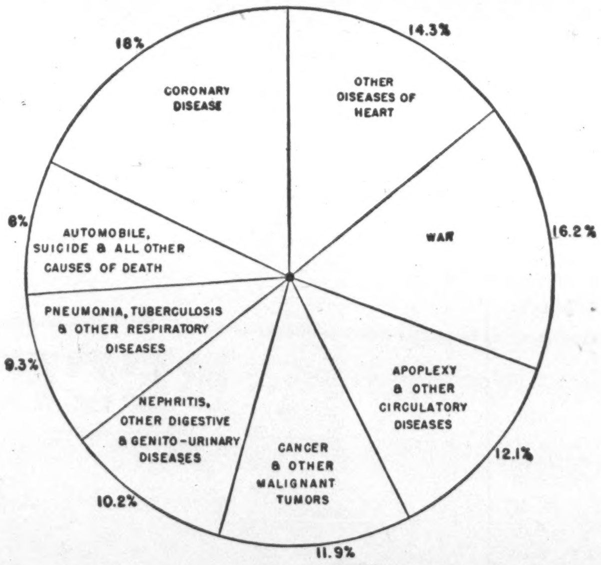
ARE PEOPLE REALLY LIVING LONGER?

It is true that more people are living to older ages than was the case at the beginning of this century. The reason however, is that great strides have been made in lowering infant mortality.

In the age group from 35 to 45, recent investigations indicate only a very slight increase in life expectancy and it is in this group that most life insurance is written.

Modern methods of treatment of such diseases as tuberculosis, cancer and pneumonia have brought encouraging results, but such gains may be largely offset by the increase in mortality through diseases of the heart and accidental death, both of which might be attributable to the tempo of modern life.

Point is given this fact by the following chart, which was discussed at the annual meeting of the Canada Life Assurance Company.



This chart is based on an analysis of the number of deaths among Canada Life policyholders in 1944.

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The Family's Choice

Women have faith in the Liberal Working-Plan. "The Home is the Heart of the Nation. It must be sound and strong." These are Liberal Government's steps affecting every home in Canada.

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2. **Vacations with Pay**—To date more than 850,000 workers and their families have gained vacations with pay.
3. **New Low-Cost Homes**—50,000 homes immediately. 100,000 each year for ten years. Instalments as low as $9.58 per month under the new National Housing Plan.
4. **Security for Veterans**—$750,000,000 voted for gratuities, grants and benefits for a million men and women returing to civil life.
5. **Price Ceiling**—The purchasing power of your dollars maintained by the price ceiling under careful Liberal management.
6. **Victory Bond Pledge**—The Liberal Government pledges there shall be no tinkering with your war savings in Victory Bonds and War Saving Certificates.
7. **Jobs**—Jobs for 900,000 more workers than in 1939—a total of over 4½ million jobs. 60,000 more each year to take care of natural increase.
8. **A Healthier People**—A million dollar National Health Laboratory to be built. A comprehensive National Health Plan has been announced.
9. **Contributory Old Age Pensions**—Higher Pensions, lower age limit, no "means" test.
10. **More Trade**—Sixty percent greater export trade than in 1939. Long term export contracts with the United Kingdom. Continue reciprocal trade agreements with the United States.
11. **Controls Coming Off**—No controls for the sake of control. As promised, the Liberals have been relaxing supply controls since V-E day; materials for houses, furnishings, electrical appliances, radios, cars, etc., released every day; gas ration soon to be abandoned.
12. **Reduced Taxes**—Special war taxes reduced or removed on May 11. Consumer goods soon to be available at 1941 prices. Veterans given priority on purchasing new goods. Income tax reductions are next.

Let the Liberal Government finish its work

VOTE LIBERAL

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL LIBERAL COMMITTEE

WORLD OF WOMEN

France Takes Stock and Finds the National Cupboard Bare

By THELMA CRAIG

IT ALL sounds so simple to us. To be able to have a hot bath. To be able to put on a clean frock. To walk into a shop and buy a bit of meat. To be able to buy a pound of butter without selling our most prized possession.

But in Paris and the other cities of France, that is a woman's idea of Paradise.

It would be our idea, too, if we hadn't had any hot water for a bath for years, if we hadn't had any soap since way back when, if we hadn't been able to buy any meat unless on the black market, if we had sold our most priceless oil painting for a pound of butter, if we hadn't had a new garment since before the war.

Right now homemakers in France can look forward to a bit of potted meat from Canada and the United States. Canada and the United States are sending wheat to France, too, and that may mean that bread will be unrationed soon. France will get a bit of the world's supply of sugar. But for the housewife the greatest luxury will be, no doubt, the cake of soap she is able to buy once in a while—the first ration of American soap arrived in March.

Wait for New Clothes

But, according to the minister of supply in the Provisional Government of the New Republic, France must look forward to four years of severe rationing. And it will be at least 18 months before civilians can hope to buy any new clothes.

That is the report that Gladys Arnold, assistant director of the French Information Service, gives following ten weeks of travelling in France, during which time she talked to everyone from General de Gaulle and officials in the Government to peasants in the fields. A Canadian newspaperwoman, Miss Arnold was forced out of Paris just as it was occupied by the Germans in 1940. "My greatest ambition was to return to a liberated France," she says. "I knew what liberty meant when I went back to France in February at the invitation of the Ministry of Information and was told: 'Go wherever you like, see everything you want to see, talk to everyone you want to, form your own impressions'."

One of the first things she did was to discover how people lived in Paris. The stenographer, for instance, who has to eat out all the time. She earns 3,000 francs a month, about $60 in Canadian money, three times what she was making before the war. She pays at least 100 francs a day for food in a very ordinary restaurant, not the swank kind the Canadian tourist visited before 1939. It doesn't leave her much for other things, does it?

Parisienne's Meal

In Paris you can't get a meal in a restaurant for less than 50 francs (a franc is worth two cents in Canadian money). Before the war you would have paid seven cents for such a meal. Now if you go to a restaurant with better service, you pay from 100 to 150 francs. And what does the stenographer get for her money? The first course is a sort of vegetable soup made with some potatoes and cauliflower. The second course is a large dish of cauliflower. ("I ate cauliflower twice a day. I lost 20 pounds in France," Miss Arnold says.) Then follows a dish of mashed potatoes made appetizing with flour and water. (Cooking has to be done without condiments, without butter, without fats or oils and without milk.)

Dessert brings a raw apple or apple sauce sweetened with saccharine, and then national coffee made of barley and dried peas and sweetened with saccharine. The stenographer couldn't have meat very often; for one thing, it isn't available, for another, an itsy-bitsy bit would add from 50 to 70 francs to the bill.

Twice a day in the majority of homes in the cities of France, the question comes up: "What are we going to eat? What are we going to feed our children?" For long periods housewives have had to manage without potatoes even, without meat, eggs and milk, without butter, without even flour. Buns, cookies, cake and pastry of course cannot be made. It is no wonder that mothers have been willing to sacrifice their most prized bits of bric-a-brac, their jewels and their oil paintings, for nourishing food for their children. . . "For myself, I would not buy on the black market," they say again and again, "but when it's a case of the black market or the health of my child, I'll patronize the black market."

The health of the children! That is a serious matter. Altogether, the ravages of war have taken a million children. Besides, malnutrition and cold have had a staggering effect on the growing girls in the cities. In Paris, it is reported, 50 per cent of the girls between 12 and 20 years of age, have no menstruation periods, and another 30 per cent are irregular. From 15 to 20 per cent of the children in the cities are below normal in height and the same percentage of very young children are below normal in weight.

The incidence of tuberculosis in the cities has jumped; adult forms of the disease are appearing in children, and what used to be known as "galloping consumption" is taking a heavy toll among children. Clinics for the prevention of tuberculosis were closed by the Germans. In the poorer areas of Paris, however, the Swiss Red Cross has brought health to many children. Bringing supplies from Switzerland, it provided the children with a bowl of cocoa with malt and two pieces of bread on alternate days, and a large bowl of soup well stocked with meat and vegetables on other days. With this added nourishment, the children have gained an average of ten pounds.

In the country, of course, the picture is different. Here the health of the people is very good. Peasants became expert at hiding food from the enemy. The death rate of both infants and adults dropped, the incidence of tuberculosis went down and likewise that of alcoholism. Medical men told Miss Arnold that the amount of alcoholism had decreased all over Europe. They told her also that 90 per cent of *malade imaginaire* had disappeared.

Hospitals Re-use Bandages

To be hungry is bad enough. But to be cold as well is to really suffer. Last winter in the cities few homes had heat because of the severe shortage of fuel. Mostly they burned paper in tiny stoves. In the schools the maximum temperature permitted was 45 degrees; the children were given exercises every half hour. In the offices the temperature was usually two or three degrees below zero. In the hospitals the lack of fuel created perplexing problems in respect to sterilization of instruments.

Hospitals, however, have been allowed a minimum of heat, and have functioned with a minimum of materials. Because of the shortages, nurses collect the swabs following operations and see that they are washed and sterilized to be re-used; the same is true of bandages. Hospitals have had no new linen since 1939, which means it is just about worn out, and because washing materials have been so bad, sheets, pillowcases and towels are what advertisers here would call a "tattle-tale" grey.

The shortages of anaesthetics, of cod liver oil and other vitamin products for prenatal care and nursing

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mothers, of hypodermic needles and drugs like morphine and quinine, are serious. Social service workers in Paris have been particularly hard hit. They have suffered severely as the result of lack of transportation, of inadequate footwear and malnutrition.

Next winter the average home in Paris and other large cities of France may have a little more heat. But more fuel for the homes will mean less fuel for industry, and France is anxious to get the wheels of industry turning. The Minister of Supply says that if the people can get the minimum of meat, sugar, fats, bread and potatoes next winter, it is all they can hope for; in fact, they don't expect to get the fats.

$105 For $15 Coat

And they want less of the black market and inflation. There is the small percentage of people who have bought fabulously in the open black market. But having to buy in the black market to keep their children alive in some cases and in others to keep them reasonably healthy, has infuriated the majority of women, for it has called into question their moral standards.

Clothes are generally six to ten times the price they were before the war—if you can buy them at all. These are average prices on the black market: suit, $375 to $400; blouse, $40, $60 or $80; shoes, $30, $50 or $60; a wisp of a brassiere, $6.50. In brave store windows that hide their dark, empty interiors, Miss Arnold read prices like these: $105 for a light woollen coat that would cost $15 here; $150 for a black satin dress; $40 to $75 for hats. An ordinary cake of toilet soap on the black market—more like pumice stone than the soap we know—was $5.50.

The average woman might buy some food on the black market but not clothing. Imagine a Canadian woman without a single new garment since 1939 . . . without any new undies or a new frock or a new suit. That has been the fate of the majority of French women. "All my friends were wearing the same clothes they had when I left Paris in 1940," Miss Arnold said. "As one of them said: 'We can't afford to have another war, everything has been cleared out of our attics'."

French women, always noted for their fine sewing, have made-over and made-do until there is nothing more to make-over. They've taken down the drapes from their windows and used up their precious table linen, too. They've pieced together odd bits of this and that to make clothes for themselves and their families. What really does annoy young mothers is that their babies have to wear diapers of cellulose—not very absorbent! And the ration is a dozen diapers per infant. But Parisians still have the chic appearance. Their clothes have smart lines even if the same material has been used again and again. They have imagination and they've created interesting accessories.

Dolls To Be Salesmen

Why are there no new clothes? Before the war France was turning out 90 million garments per year; with the war she was reduced to the manufacture of 7½ million garments. Before the war one million persons were employed in the textile and garment industry including 80,000 Parisian seamstresses; in 1944 there were fewer than 300,000 workers in the whole industry. And why black markets and inflation? For every garment produced there are at least five people to buy it and maybe 20 or 30. Control of the black market is impossible unless there is at least barely enough to go round, unless there is sufficient so that ration coupons can be honored.

But you've read about the fashion shows by famous designers in Paris this year. Where did the materials come from? Mainly from the few pre-war dress lengths that were in the cupboards of the great couturiers. Since 1942 silk, wool and cotton have disappeared entirely. But Paris still means to be the fashion centre of the world. Plans are under way to send 500 dolls on a tour of the capitals of the world to remind us that she is still the fashion centre.

Parisian houses mean to maintain their reputation for creation and quality. For the bread and butter of France has been very largely her textile and garment industry. Before the war it had a revenue of 70 billion francs, about two billion dollars. It imported between 600,000 and 700,000 tons of wool, silk, cotton and linen, and exported in turn about 180,000 tons of finished or semi-finished merchandise. The value of the exports plus the revenue from the creative workmanship of the great designers balanced the cost of the imports—that is the way the business was operated.

A survey of the industry shows that only 15 per cent has been destroyed. Given raw materials, coal and transportation, 60 per cent of it could be operating within four months, it is estimated. But it will be at least a year and a half before French women can expect any new clothes!

To rebuild France is the first concern of the women of France. They have suffered privation and oppression and they are weary but undaunted. The flaming courage that made the women the backbone of the resistance movement, will carry them on. Exercising their franchise for the first time in the recent municipal elections, they voted 14 million strong as compared with 10 million men. France now has at least three million more women than men.

Eleven women sit in the Consultative Assembly of the Provisional Government; one is Madame Andre Simard of Quebec City. In the municipal elections, nine out of the 90 seats in Paris were won by women. Although the French women have not had the franchise previously, they have always been politically conscious. Now they feel it their duty to exercise their franchise and to take their full responsibility to achieve political freedom and social security.

• •

Animated Cartoons' Precise Technique

(*Continued from Page 5*)

of re-drawing it onto each cell.

Before the cell came into popular use, animators were obliged to draw identical backgrounds onto each picture. The result was a background which, instead of remaining stationery, was continuously jumping about in agitated fashion.

In its search for simplicity, the animation department at the Film Board has developed some original techniques. One is drawing directly onto film. Here, the old side-show technique has come into its own . . . it's done with mirrors. A specially constructed table at which the artist sits, is equipped with mirrors which reflect the completed image on one frame to the next frame which is still blank. With the reflected image as a guide, then the artist can draw the figure again in exactly the same place on the second frame and vary its contours slightly to effect animation.

The results of this method have been excellent and have achieved good movement. However, the technique is usually limited to work requiring not too much detail, with expression being rather in the broad gesture than in the minute movement. And if you think drawing directly on film, a frame at a time, is anything but meticulous and patient work, get a strip of paper one inch wide and marked off in three-quarter inch sections and take a crack at it.

If you like formulas, Film Board artists give you this one: perspiration plus inspiration equals animation. What occupies perhaps half a minute of screening time, probably took days of thought and effort to produce.

And that's what's developed out of a schoolboy's flipping a series of drawings contained in a small booklet. It's big business now and it's gone a long way from the schoolyard.

But basically, there it is—a man opening his mouth, yawning, and closing it again.

JOAN RIGBY

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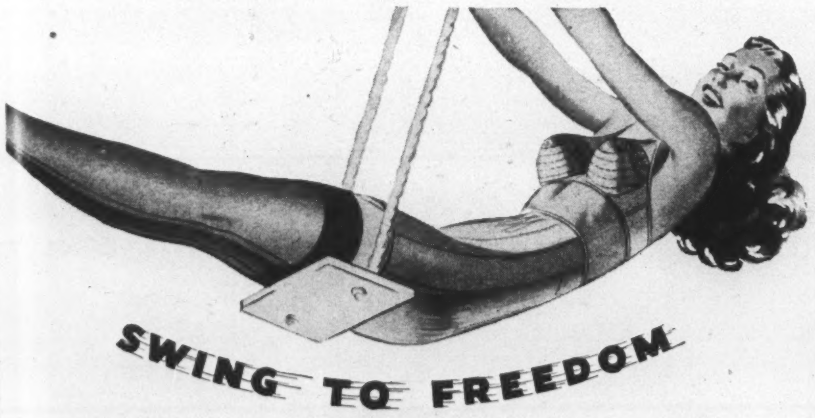

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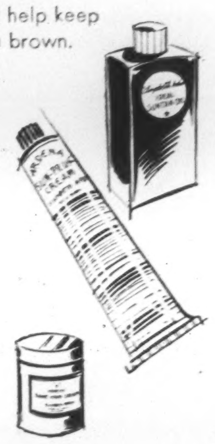

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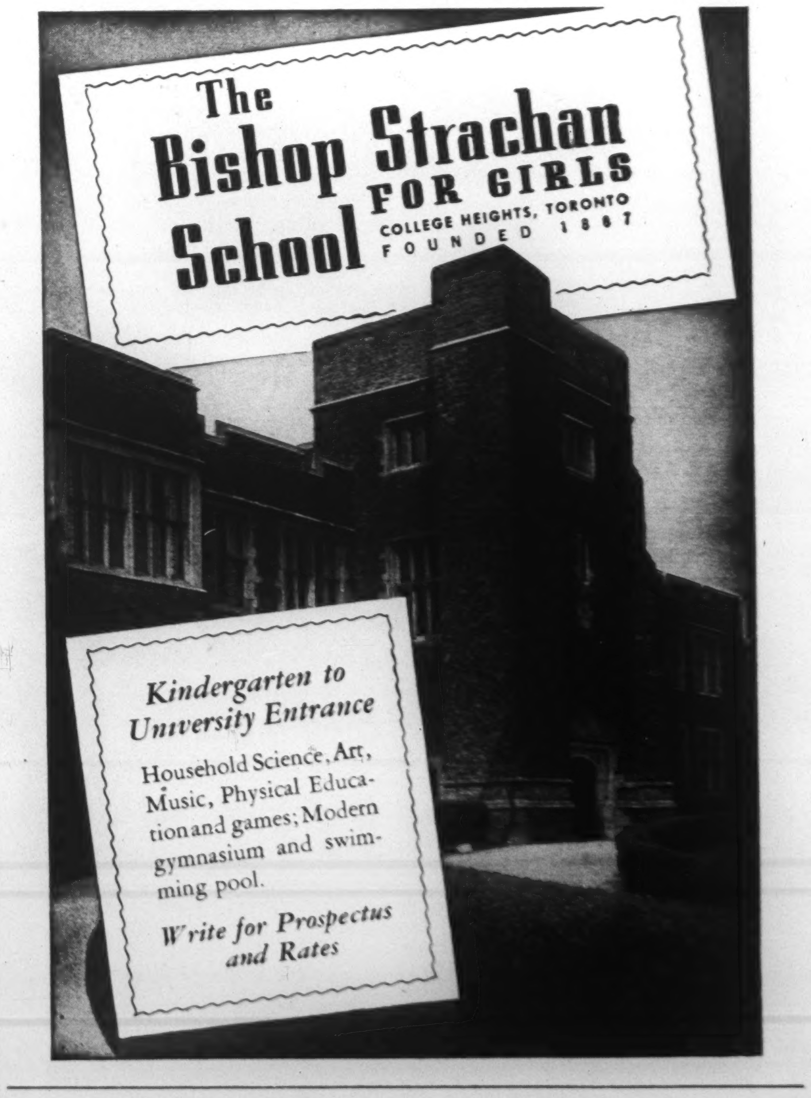

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English Trained Indian Girls Find Another World at Home

HOME TO INDIA, by Santha Rama Rau. (Musson, $3.50.)

THE two daughters of a wealthy Indian on diplomatic duty in South Africa were sent to England for their schooling. The time came for their parents to return home and they sent for the girls to join them. They come to the house of their paternal grandmother, of high-caste Brahmin stock, and had to learn eating with their fingers while squatted around a tablecloth spread on the stone floor. They had to sleep on hard boards, scarcely relieved by a thin mat, and pigeons had nests in the rafters of their room. They could eat meat only if it were cooked by a low-caste person outside the house and served in a separate room. Otherwise it would defile all the regular food. Their English freedom was considered outrageous. The notion of them dining alone with a man was beyond the pale of Hindu decency. They were in another world.

And still they were Indians, irritated by an ostracism which kept them out of English clubs, even when they recognized that it was the Indians who were ostracising the English by a conservatism of habit and superstition that made cooperation impossible. As Indians they wanted to work for India with Ghandi and the Congress but complications ensued, even while they were travelling all over India. At last the author of this book came to the United States to see "how democracy worked." (If she has found out no mention of the discovery is made.)

She is a gracious writer, and assuredly a gracious woman, ready to see all and forgive all, especially at home. Her description of Indian life and problems is fascinating. Altogether her book is notable both in content and in style.

•

Pictured History

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF CANADIAN HISTORY by C. W. Jefferys, assisted by T. W. McLean. (Ryerson, $2.00.)

INDEFATIGABLE alike in research and pen-and-ink drawing, Mr. Jefferys here presents his second picture book on the early days in Canada. This volume ranges generally over the period from 1763 to 1830 showing outdoor activities in peace and war, historic buildings, portraits of eminent persons, social, religious and political occasions and small detail drawings of all the common furniture and tools used by the people of all ranks.

The author has combed all the museums, all the travel books and diaries of the period, and has brought into plain sight everything, from the shapes of candlesticks to the construction of a pioneer grist-mill, from the fashions of tombstones to the big canoes of the North-West Company. For the understanding of Canadian history this book, like its predecessor, is invaluable. For the lover of the finest of handiwork it is a continuing treasure.

•

Virile Poetry

OVERTURE, Poems by F. R. Scott. Ryerson, $2.00.)

PASSION in appropriate speech makes poetry. If it be the milder form of feeling, such as admiration for a lady's eyebrow, or for the unearthly precision of the first hepatica, the form of the expression will naturally include the milder graces of pattern and rhyme. But when the passion is elemental and choking; such a helpless rage as the war rouses in sensitive spirits, the expression will be rough, exclamatory. One can't celebrate wholesale murder in a villanelle or the death of civilization in a clutch of triolets.

Perhaps that explains the Moderns. They are strong in rhythm which is the soul of poetry and of the universe, but they have no time for traditional patterns and technical niceties. For them the Day of Judgment is upon us and their cry is Woe, woe to fools and liars and self-worshippers. Not that they are incapable of the gentler feelings or the gentler art. Most of them can turn a sonnet with graceful spirit and sure hand, but the burden upon them is to cry aloud and shout O inhabitants of Jerusalem.

Here is one of the ablest of the poets of today in Canada explaining himself in a figure and using an old technique in light mockery:

"But how shall I hear old music? This is an hour
Of new beginnings, concepts warring for power,
Decay of systems—the tissues of art is torn
With overtures of an era being born.

"And this perfection which is less yourself
Than Mozart, seems a trinket on a shelf,
A pretty octave played before a window
Beyond whose curtain grows a world crescendo."

But when he speaks of static persons, or of the red rain of conflict, or of educational or other systems he gets hot and bitter and terribly in earnest. Here is a poem dedicated To Certain Friends:

They will grow old searching to avoid conclusions
Refusing to learn by living, to test by trying,
Letting opportunities slip from their tentative fingers.

Till one day, after the world has tired of waiting,
While they are busy arguing about the obvious
A half-witted demagogue will walk away with their children.

•

Fascism at Home

COMING HOME, a novel, by Lester Cohen. (Macmillans, $3.25.)

A UNITED STATES marine, back from the southwest Pacific with a bad leg and jumpy nerves, finds that his girl has a baby, named after him. He learns that when she had gone to the Welfare department for the unmarried mothers' grant the director, a lecherous magistrate, had insulted her. Then the magistrate put on pressure, through his gang, by having both her and her father thrown out of work; one by a department store, the other, by a steel mill. The long pursuit ended in rape.

The marine goes to the magistrate's office and assaults and batters the wretch until he himself is subdued by a billiard cue in the hands of a hanger-on. Naturally, he is arrested. And then begins a long course of manoeuvres by a lawyer, temporarily honest, and by the only judge in the city who is not "owned" by the political ring, to get the facts of the case before the public. The judge is set-down by his seniors in the middle of the case and another takes over. The marine is found guilty, but the sentence is stayed thirty days. And in that thirty days all the rascality of officialdom and big business is unveiled.

As for the story; the unfailing truth and loveliness of the girl and the gallantry of the hero, remind one of the old melodramas; such as "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model," or "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" The dialogue of course is a mighty sight tougher than in these classics and the sex-stuff is raw.

•

Splitting the Honor

TWO authors will share the Ryerson Fiction Award of this year. The prize of $1,500 will be divided between Philip Child author of "Day of Wrath" and Will R. Bird who wrote "Here Stays Good Yorkshire." The outside judges assisting the editors of the Ryerson Press were Dr. J. D. Robins of Victoria College, University of Toronto, and Dr. W. G. Hardy of the University of Alberta, and the merits of the two novels were considered to be so nearly equal that to give the full prize to either would have been an injustice. Mr. Child is on the staff of Trinity College, Toronto. Mr. Bird is a Halifax man.

Entries for the 1946 award will be received up to March 1. Mr. C. H. Dickenson, General Manager of the Ryerson Press comments favorably on the quality of the many manuscripts entered for this year's competition.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

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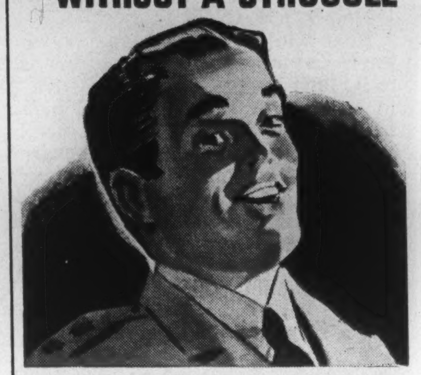

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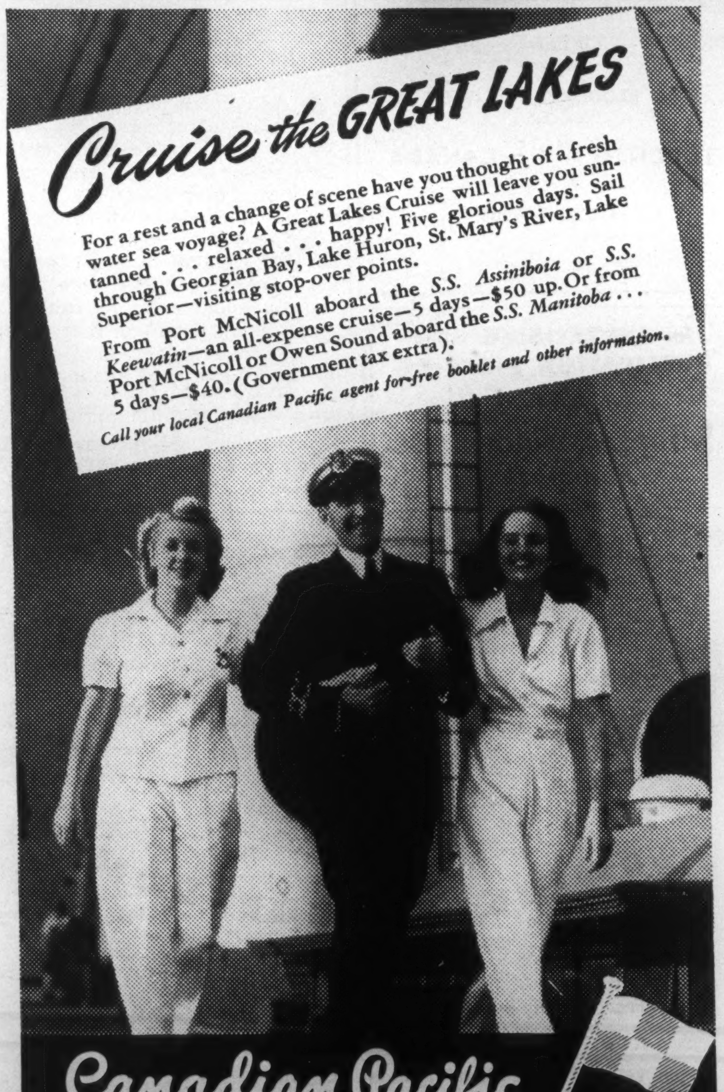

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Where Canada Lags In Welfare Work

PUBLIC HEALTH AND WELFARE ORGANIZATION IN CANADA, by Harry M. Cassidy. (Ryerson, paper, $3.50; cloth, $4.50.)

HERE is a record of what the Provinces of Canada have done, are doing and (perhaps) ought to do, in the field of Social Welfare. The author tested his theories by a considerable term as an administrator in British Columbia, then was appointed Dean of Social Welfare in the University of California. From that post he was called to Washington to become Director of Training for the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

With him knowledge and enthusiasm travel in double harness. His criticisms generally are well documented and vigorous. His conclusion is that only by Federal leadership and willing cooperation of the Provinces can a satisfactory system be achieved.

For Re-Reading

CARL VAN DORAN, a collection of this author's best prose, selected by himself. (Macmillans; Viking Portable, $2.75.)

THIS seven-by-four inch-er includes the long essay on Swift, a series of chapters on Benjamin Franklin, a few introductions of high quality, such as that for an edition of Munchausen and some secret history of the American Revolution. Altogether, a neat little parcel of excellence.

A New Anthology

READER'S COMPANION, a Personal Anthology by Louis Kronenberger. (Macmillans; Viking Portable, $2.75.)

THERE are 730 pages in this handy pocket volume, mostly good. There is a poetry section of over a hundred pages, a section of light verse and several chapters from Mark Twain's Life on the Mississippi. Add snippets from Plato Swift, Hazlitt, Boswell, Flaubert, Horace Walpole, Henry James and others and you have quite a pocketful for street-car reading.

Nationalistic Ragout

By R. M. COPER

NATIONALISM AND AFTER, by Edward Hallett Carr. (Macmillan, $1.10.)

PROF. CARR begins with the statement that "the modern history of international relations divides into three partly overlapping periods, marked by widely different views of the nation as a political entity."

This statement is illogical. History deals with facts. One can, of course, write a history of views. But in this case the author must make clear whether he holds that facts make views, or that views make facts, or that both influence each other. To evade this question, as Prof. Carr does in the statement quoted here, must lead to the confusion which is apparent in almost every line of his essay.

To add to this confusion Prof. Carr means the ambitions and activities of national states when he says, nationalism. There are one or two places where he seems to distinguish between state and nation, but they are mere accidents.

He also uses the word socialism in a strange sense. "The socialization of the nation has as its natural corollary the nationalization of socialism," he says. What he means by this, is that labor movements organized themselves on a national basis while professing internationalism. Prof. Carr does not say how else they should have organized.

The climax of his confusion is reached when he says that Bismarck was one of the first promoters of the "socialized state" because he introduced social legislation in the attempt to reconcile the German workers to the state they hated. The fact that they accepted this legislation for which they had been fighting leads Prof. Carr to believe that they became as "nationalistic" as Bismarck.

"The socialization of the nation for the first time brings the economic claims of the masses into the front of the picture." (In fact, of course, it happened the other way round.) And this "socialization" has contributed to "produce the characteristic totalitarian symptoms of our period."

When Britain introduced national conscription in 1940, "nationalism and socialism joined hands to applaud the most unreservedly totalitarian measure ever adopted by any nation at its hour of greatest need." This incredible statement comes quite logically from Prof. Carr because, not distinguishing between state and nation, he canot understand that the nation, in order to survive as a nation, banded together behind the state in which it was, and is, organized, although many Britishers intensely disliked this state.

In a postcript of four pages Prof. Carr views the future of Britain and the British Commonwealth. Seeing that in these four pages he forgets all the "lessons" from his preceding seventy pages, we do well to forget them too.

Right is the [illegible] with slacks [illegible] Man-Tailored by Tooke. Mint green, sea blue, gold and the pink of the Peony— [illegible] delicate pastel . . . urbane stripe of the gentleman's shirting, pattern of the [illegible] for her happy decision. From $2.00 at quality shops across Canada.
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Franz Allers Conducts at Prom; Modern Compositions Heard

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

FRANZ ALLERS, than whom few contemporary conductors have had a more varied experience, returned to Toronto last week to conduct two Promenade Symphony concerts. He is no stranger to these events, and has also directed many performances here by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. He is just 40, a Czech born in Carlsbad, and despite his comparative youth has been conductor of the State Opera at Prague, and assistant conductor at the Wagner Theatre, Bayreuth; the latter engagement at the age of 22, when Frau Cosima, who died in 1930, was still in command. Mr. Allers' natural predilection is for delicate effects, but he now understands Varsity Arena, and obtains subtle, tasteful effects without making them too exclusive.

His program was vivid and sparkling, and embraced Russian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Spanish and American composers; with Russians and Bohemians predominating.

Since the opening of this year's series, the management has improved the orchestral personnel and the tone is now more substantial, and attack more vital. It tackled unfamiliar music like two movements from Alexander Borodin's Symphony No. 2 with less timidity, than when playing the Scherzo from the same symphony under Mr. Kolar on May 10th.

Borodin, whose dances from "Prince Igor" are so widely known, was a unique figure. It would be correct to term him a most gifted amateur. He was merely a part-time composer full of original ideas. In 1887 he was only 54 when he dropped dead while gaily chatting with friends at a masquerade ball in St. Petersburg. He was at that time on the staff of a women's school of medicine of which he had been one of the founders and author of works on the science of chemistry. There is however nothing amateurish about his second symphony. One movement was "Allegro-Animato Assai" which means extremely animated; the other a grandiose Finale. In both there is a rich and varied use of harmonic device with a strong undercurrent of melody,—a true emotional outpouring. Mr. Allers conducted it with compelling urge.

The same was true of his interpretation of the infectious Grande Polonaise from Tchaikovsky's Suite in G major. The conductor naturally played the two Czech numbers, Dvorak's Slavonic Dance, No 15, and a Rhapsody by Weinberger, with idiomatic expresssion and fervor. His technical address and the improved quality of the Proms orchestra were especially apparent in two works which required real finesse, "Festival of Corpus Christi in Seville" by Albiner and Vaughan — Williams' exquisite setting of the immortal English lyric "Greensleeves", which Shakespeare mentions both in "The Winter's Tale" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and the tune of which was used as a Cavalier song in the Cromwellian wars.

Mr. Allers is the most experienced ballet conductor to appear at the Proms, at which dance episodes have become recurrently popular. Last week he had with him Marina Svetlova, premiere danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera House, and physically the loveliest of contemporary ballerinas; with her handsome coadjutor, Alexis Dolinoff. Together they gave most enchanting series of divertissements, in which the costuming was exquisitely tasteful and their performances marked by grace, agility, and an ineffable quality of distinction. One will not soon forget the sylph-like charm of Svetlova in Grieg's "Dance of the Elf", and for sheer intoxicating elegance their rendering of a Strauss Waltz in the guise of two young Viennese lovers could not be surpassed.

The audience assuredly was accorded full measure. Many are Gershwin "fans" who never tire of "Rhapsody in Blue". George Haddad, a young native of Saskatchewan, of Syrian origin, gave a stirring interpretation of it.

Four Modern Sonatas

The local society for Contemporary Music under the Presidency of Dr. Arnold Walter, has given three concerts during recent months all of interest to those who like to keep abreast of the time. Last week at Conservatory Hall it presented four Sonatas by present day "American" composers. Since many of the outstanding musicians of Europe are now on this side of the Atlantic, the term "American" may be used in a wide sense. Dr. Walter in his opening remarks mentioned this cosmopolitan status, and was satirical at the expense of those in the United States who fear that the influx will check the movement for an American "national" school of music based on folk-song. His words tended to deflate the idea that great work can be entirely of folk inspiration. The best music was cosmopolitan in its backgrounds.

The more interesting works heard were two Sonatas for 'cello and piano from the pens of Americans by adoption. One was by Bohuslav Martinu, a Czech refugee who in his life of 45 years has composed over 100 works, including a number of chamber quartets of especially fine quality. His Sonata was gripping and fresh throughout; and its slow movement memorably beautiful. The other Sonata was by Bernard Wagenaar, a native of Arnheim, Holland, whom the Dutch conductor Mengelberg brought to America in 1921 as one of the first violinists of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. While so employed he also played the celeste, harpsichord, piano and organ, when a score required these instruments. He is now a professor of composition at the Juilliard School. His Sonata is in three movements played continuously; a truly superb emotional composition one hopes to hear again. Both were nobly interpreted by Cornelius Ysseltyn, a 'cellist of high quality who has been in Toronto for several years. Associated with him was Frances Marr, a pianist of rare ability and intellectual power.

Aaron Copland is as American as birth in Brooklyn can make a man. His violin sonata, played by Harry Adaskin has unique elements of interest and seems to be of South American inspiration. The first movement is mediaeval in character, as are the religious institutions of that continent; the subsequent ones lively and colorful. It is a much better work than his turgid piano Sonata, the expert rendering of which by Reginald Godden served to emphasize its bleak and forbidding qualities.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music, which is really national in char-

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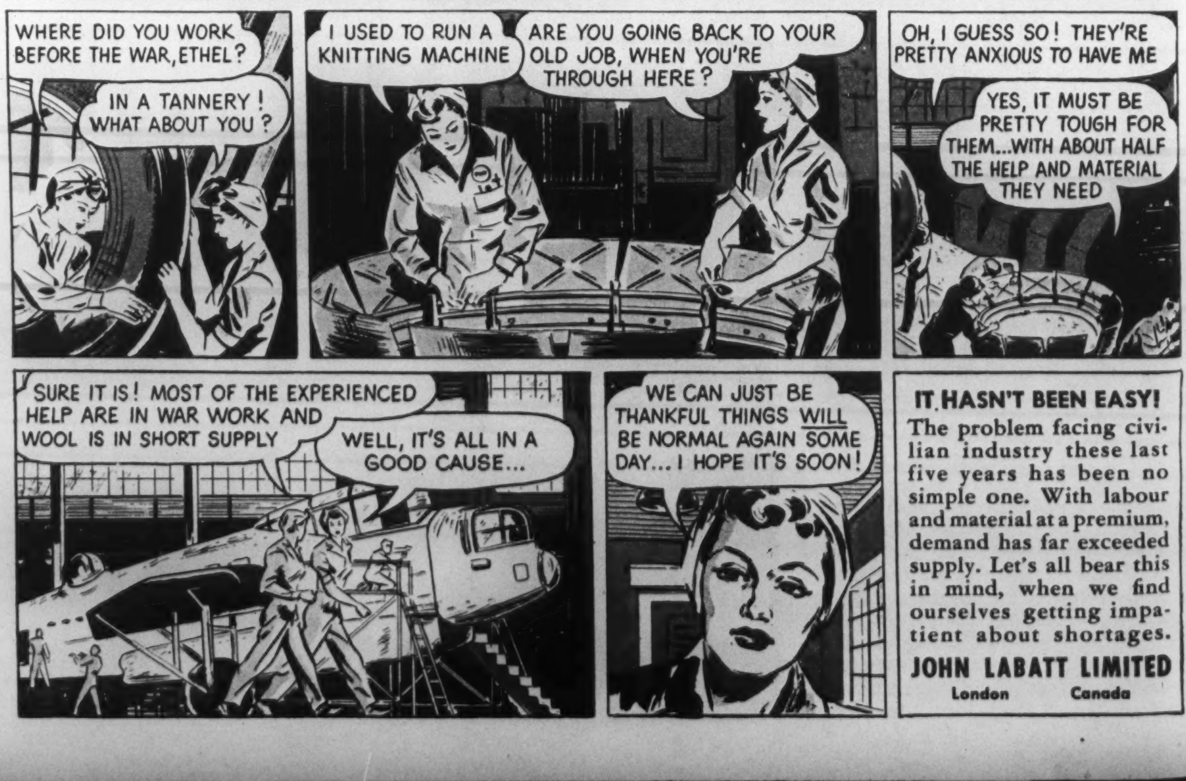

WHERE DID YOU WORK BEFORE THE WAR, ETHEL?
IN A TANNERY! WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I USED TO RUN A KNITTING MACHINE
ARE YOU GOING BACK TO YOUR OLD JOB, WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH HERE?
OH, I GUESS SO! THEY'RE PRETTY ANXIOUS TO HAVE ME
YES, IT MUST BE PRETTY TOUGH FOR THEM...WITH ABOUT HALF THE HELP AND MATERIAL THEY NEED
SURE IT IS! MOST OF THE EXPERIENCED HELP ARE IN WAR WORK AND WOOL IS IN SHORT SUPPLY
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acter has ceased to be merely a traditional academic institution. Many of the most up-to-date experiences of the musical season emanate from there. Expanding interests have led to a re-organization brought about by the sudden death of Norman Wilks. A trinity of very able musicians will henceforth constitute the executive personnel. Dr. Charles Peaker, eminent as organist and choral trainer, has been named director. The principal in charge of teaching will be Ettore Mazzoleni, already widely known as Associate conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The vice-principal will be Dr. Arnold Walter, in immediate charge of a new Conservatory Graduate School.

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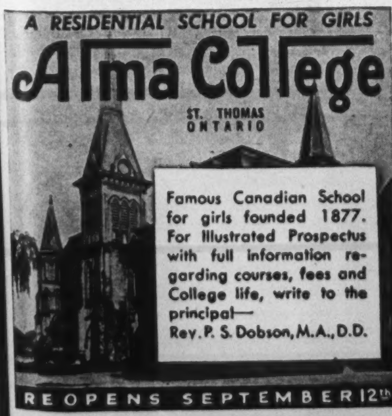
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THE FILM PARADE

"The Picture of Dorian Gray" a Slightly Awkward Exercise

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

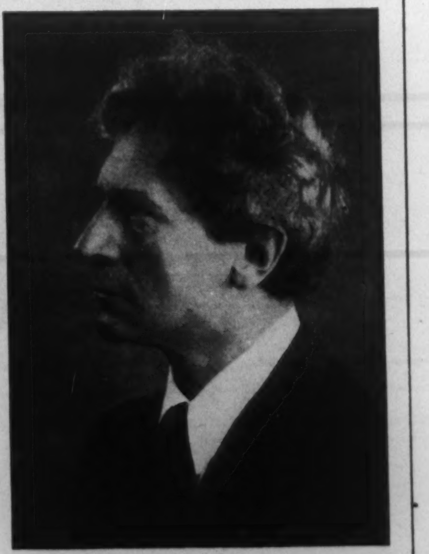
OSCAR WILDE'S "The Picture of Dorian Gray" has been transferred to the screen, and author and child have done as well as can be expected in a medium that has very little in common with the peculiar Wilde imagination and style. The period wit has been retained and the purple-hued extravagance which makes "Dorian" read at times like a Wilde parody by S. J. Perelman has been fairly well modified. As it finally emerges the screen version is half popular allegory and half literary horror-film. But it doesn't vibrate with the moral intensities of the original. As Dorian Gray, Hurd Hatfield's face and performance remain blank and his moral monstrosities nameless. On the other hand it doesn't bristle with special effects, as a good rousing horror-film should (e.g. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde").

It is possible that if "The Picture of Dorian Gray" had been told in terms of the deteriorating portrait itself, it might have retained both its force as allegory and its intensity as horror. But whether the cost of so much canvas-work was prohibitive—which doesn't seem likely in a company as well-heeled as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — or whether the dramatic possibilities of such an approach were simply overlooked, the final result is disappointingly flat. Hurd Hatfield, an extremely well-tailored period *fleur du mal*, merely walks through the picture, making no attempt to suggest either Dorian Gray's radiant outward innocence or his profound inner corruption.

Lost Age of Epigram

As Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian's evil genius, George Sanders strolls from one fashionable group to another, decanting his vintage epigrams. Lord Henry's wit drew gasps from my neighbors, a couple of bobby-sockers who had evidently been born long after the close of the Age of Epigram. To older ears the Wilde inversions and paradoxes have an oddly old-fashioned sound, and I couldn't get over the feeling that George Sanders himself was a little embarrassed by the balanced and stately contrivance of his lines. Of all the players only Lowell Gilmore, in the minor role of the artist, and Angela Lansbury, as Sybil Vane, seemed to belong naturally to the Wilde fable—particularly Miss Lansbury, who managed to remain touching and innocent even when singing "Good-bye Little Yellow Bird" in what appeared to be a shower of soap-flakes.

Certain changes have been made in the story in the process of screen treatment. The artist is provided with a beautiful daughter (Donna Reed) and in one sequence a rather saintly looking old pianist has been rather mysteriously introduced to play Chopin in one of the horrider dives the hero frequents. It is obvious that the screening of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" presented some unusual difficulties, since it demanded along with the deeply respectful treatment owed to a famous novel, a certain "respectabilizing" attitude towards the novel's author. The film version gets around the latter difficulty very ingeniously by having one of the characters deplore the hero's addiction to the works of Oscar Wilde.



Percy Grainger, pianist and composer, who will be guest soloist at the Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena, Thursday, June 14.

Irreverence Indicated

Apparently someone in Hollywood became exasperated with the loud commercial ballyhoo that attends returning heroes from the Pacific. This is understandable; but what is surprising to the point of shock is that he was able to transfer his state of exasperation to the screen. In "Practically Yours" a flyer (Fred MacMurray) who survives a dive-bombing attack on a Japanese flat-top, comes home to find himself greeted not only by an hysterically admiring crowd but by a strange young woman who claims to be his fiancée. The heroine (Claudette Colbert) is involved in the mistake more or less innocently. But once it is established, her boss, the newsreels, the radio and the bond-selling committees rush gleefully to cash in on the sensation. There is a tongue-in-cheek amiability about "Practically Yours" but at bottom it is an extraordinarily cynical and even savage commentary on certain aspects of war-time emotion.

• •

Composers' Competition

Exceptionally youthful entrants did well in the Canadian Performing Right Society's eighth annual competition for composers under 21. The $750 scholarship went to George Hurst, 18, a war-guest from Edinburgh, Scotland, and student at Toronto Conservatory of Music. Six cash prizes were won by Clayton Rose and Malcolm Troup, Toronto; Margot Ballon, Montreal; H. Bois McKenzie, Scotstown, Que; Paul McIntyre, Hamilton; and Constance Channon, Calgary. The latter is a precocious child of seven.

Hart House Quartet

THE annual Spring Festival of Chamber Music by the Hart House Quartet and assisting artists will be held in the Great Hall of Hart House, University of Toronto, on the evenings of June 12, 13 and 15. The festival will constitute the farewell of the Hart House Quartet to Toronto after 21 years of concert work throughout Canada, the United States and in Europe.

The Quartet will be assisted by the Pirani Trio (Leila Pirani, violin, Boris Hambourg, 'cello, and Max Pirani, piano) who will give the entire program on Wednesday evening, June 13. This occasion will mark the first Toronto appearance of the newly formed organization.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Theatre Went to Victoria: Now Royalty Goes to Theatre

By ARTHUR NETTLETON

SEEK an indication of our present-day Royal Family's attitude towards the theatre, and you will find it in one simple fact. In Queen Victoria's time, the rule was that the theatre went to the Sovereign. Today, it is the Sovereign who goes to the theatre.

In the days of the Great Little Queen, companies were commanded to appear in the Royal palaces. The D'Oyly Carte Company presented Gilbert and Sullivan operas at Windsor and elsewhere; such masters as Irving, the Bancrofts, and the Kendals, performed at Sandringham, Balmoral, or Osborne. Yet nowadays it is in public theatres that the Royal Family are entertained by their favorite actors and actresses.

War conditions, with their many duties for King George VI, have necessarily reduced the number of occasions on which His Majesty and the Queen have been able to attend the theatre primarily as patrons seeking relaxation and enjoyment. The theatrical performances attended by members of the Royal Family during the last six years have been events organized for charity, when the success of these affairs has been enhanced by royal support.

But it can be confidently forecast that, with the coming of happier times, Royalty's visits to the theatre will be resumed on their pre-war status, and that once again the world of drama will be able to enjoy this spontaneous royal patronage. It was the late King George V who revised the royal attitude, and who overcame the prejudice which in certain quarters had hitherto affected the question. His son, King George VI, is just as greatly interested in the theatre, and has shown himself anxious to support it.

No Advance Publicity

Indeed, the link between the Royal Family and the theatrical world is stronger today than ever before. Not only has royal support and interest been accorded to what is commonly called the "legitimate" theatre, but also to the variety theatre—a development which doubtless would have scandalized some Victorian folk.

So far as the actual visits of the King and Queen to the theatre are concerned, it is important to distinguish between the shows attended purely for relaxation and entertainment, and the command performances organized for charitable purposes. In the latter instances, publicity naturally is important; in the other cases, it is frowned upon, no advance notice of the impending royal visit being permitted.

The rule, which prohibits announcements in the Press or on theatre bills, is an unwritten one, but its violation would engender royal displeasure. Yet observance of this custom (for that is really the word which best describes it) is not intended to reflect any discredit on the theatre in general. It does not arise from any royal idea that attendance at a theatre is unbefitting to the Royal House, but from the wish to avoid any suggestion that the King and Queen are lending themselves to advertisement.

The rule is in the same category as that which prohibits Their Majesties from accepting free gifts or allowing their personal likes and dislikes to be used in advertising. Only after the event is it permitted to announce in the Press that the King and Queen have seen a certain play or revue—unless the event has been in aid of some deserving cause.

But what thrill and palpitation lies behind the bald announcement which appears in the newspapers the following morning! To entertain Their Majesties is the dream of every playwright, actor, and actress. Royal interest sets the seal on a play or show, and not even the "no advertising" rule can prevent its being enhanced in public opinion thereby.

It may be asked how the choice is made, if the play has not been seen privately by Royalty. Their Majesties, and other members of the Royal Family, base their decision largely upon reports given to them by close personal friends. The choice is also influenced by experience and the knowledge which the King and Queen themselves possess.

A dramatized version of a classical book or a best-selling novel naturally receives the consideration of the Royal Family. They will have read the story, and will know something about the company presenting the play.

The choice of a revue calls for rather more deliberation, but is similarly made with the help of first-hand accounts and the reports of close friends.

Once the decision is made, and a free evening in the royal diary has been earmarked for the visit, steps can be taken to make the necessary arrangements. They are usually put in hand, however, only on the day of the visit. This is regarded as a necessary precaution to avoid leakage of the news, which would doubtless cause the sightseers and undesired publicity which it is wanted to circumvent.

The Royal Household has its own booking agent, and on the instructions of the King's equerry, or one of His Majesty's secretaries, he makes the necessary arrangements with the theatre concerned. Contrary to a common belief, the full price is paid for the royal box, for it is a royal rule that British Royalty must not put themselves under any obligation to any entertainment caterer.

The Crimson Carpet

For these semi-private visits to the theatre, the King and Queen prefer the minimum of formality. They like to be treated as ordinary patrons, and the late King George V sometimes even commanded that the playing of the National Anthem on his arrival be dispensed with. Almost the only outward indication of the impending arrival of Their Majesties is the laying of a crimson carpet from the roadway to the theatre foyer, a few minutes before the royal car appears.

The interval during the play or show is the time when one or two of the leading artistes are introduced to Their Majesties by the manager. The author of the play, if he is present, may also be summoned to receive royal thanks and congratulations.

Similar arrangements have been customary in the case of visits by other members of the Royal Family—Queen Mary, the Princes and the Princesses. So far, of course, Prin-

(Continued on Next Page)

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My Waiter: Case of the Lady and the Wolf Behind the Catsup

By MARGARET MURPHY

I'M not feeling exactly friendly. If there's any one thing that can make me feel lonelier than another, it's eating by myself. When you're a stranger, a big city like Toronto can be bigger and emptier and more desolate than the middle of a Saskatchewan prairie.

I'm reading this book of short stories, "The Flowering Judas" and I give my order without looking up more than to see a white coat.

"Something to drink?" says the voice.

"Just water."

Because anything to drink counts extra and I'm having a tough time making my new-job salary stretch.

In no time flat, there's a glass of water in front of me, two paper napkins, a bottle of catsup, a bottle of H.P., salt, pepper and the hot beef sandwich (25 cents W.P.T.B.) with a sad-looking mound of mashed potatoes and those standard hard jumbo peas that bounce out from under your fork like jack-rabbits hopping across in front of your headlights on a highway at night.

I look up then. I'm not one of these glamour girls, you understand, being well over the wrong side of thirty, complete with glasses. And so much fast service startles me.

I meet a pair of grey eyes with a smile in them. He's about fifty, medium height, settling down into stockiness with grizzled red hair and just a touch of sideburns. It's the sideburns that worry me.

"Thanks," I smile.

"Everything all right?" he says, leaning easily on the counter with his two hands on the edge.

"It's fine."

"What are you reading?" he asks.

"The Flowering Judas," I answer.

"What's it about?"

Well, that's hard to explain on short order, so I answer, smiling a bit wryly, "Oh, life."

"Now, now!" he comes back. "You're too young and too pretty to feel that way about life."

It takes me aback until I see what the word Judas means to him. I don't know whether I'm dealing with a wolf or not and I never did know what to do about compliments. I give him a quick hard look but he's just looking fatherly. I wonder how he knows I'm feeling bitter about things.

"Thanks," I mutter, retiring into my book. He goes away and I hear him joking further down the counter with a hatless blonde.

When he gives me my check he inquires if everything's all right and I say yes and go back to work. But every once in a while during the rest of the day I find myself smiling and feeling sort of good.

Maybe that's why one of the girls in the office asks me out to dinner at her home. I like her and I like her family. They say to come out and visit them any Sunday, which is a break, because the weekends are the toughest part.

One day I mortgage my pay cheque and buy a new hat. My morale needs boosting and so does my wardrobe. It's not one of those flowery, beveiled creations that advertising copywriters claim *Vogue* recommends for getting your man. Where would I wear a hat like that? Anyway, I look like a horse in them all.

No, this is a tailored felt in a cloche style, useful in all kinds of weather, and yet, I hope, with a youthful and perhaps becoming air. But I'm not too sure.

I'm thinking I could have found something else for the money that would bring out the real me when I slide into the lunch counter again. I'm busy reading the headlines in the noon edition when I hear his voice.

"You're always reading," he complains. "You never give a person a chance to talk to you. Where have you been all this time?"

Oh, oh! I think. This is it. I'm polite, but frosty.

"I like to read."

"That's a new hat, isn't it?" he asks, and my frost begins to melt.

"Uh-huh," I answer. And then, half-way scared, I ask, "How do you like it?"

He takes his time seriously considering it, and I smile a little, tentatively.

"It's pretty," he says. "It suits you." I grin wider.

Wolf Call?

"You look sweet when you smile," he continues. "You have a really nice face, a good face." By this time, I'm blushing and wondering what the other counter sitters are thinking.

"You look about sixteen when you smile—about sixteen or seventeen. You ought to do it more often. It's a nice hat and you're a nice girl."

Is that a wolf call or isn't it?

It doesn't exactly have the ring of it, if you know what I mean. I take it straight. But just the same I finish the sandwich in a hurry and get out.

I remember what he said, though, when I meet a man from back home on the street a couyle of days later. He seems glad to see me. He asks me out to a show that evening. I'm happy I have at least the new hat to wear.

After the show we look for a place to have coffee and we go to the lunch counter and there's my waiter.

His face lights up when he sees me with a man and he serves us with a flourish. You can see he's really pleased.

So then I know he's not a wolf. I know he's just the first friend I've made in Toronto.

Theatre Went to Victoria

(*Continued from Previous Page*)

cess Elizabeth has not attended the theatre unaccompanied by the King or Queen, but both she and Princess Margaret have visited the pantomime in London, and they have organized and produced shows of their own at Christmas-time.

The theatre has also played a part in the education of the Princesses. Playlets, operettas, nursery rhymes, sea chanties, and folk songs have been presented for their benefit at Buckingham Palace, by the Children's Theatre company. The Princesses themselves have acted not only in pantomimes, but also in historical plays.

Royal interest in theatrical affairs is not only strong today but promising for the future as well. As a means of both education and entertainment, the theatre has strong royal support, stronger than at any time in its modern history.

We can justifiably look forward to a still greater strengthening of the bond between Royalty and the stage, as the peace years progess.

When Dreams come true . . .

*S*OON WE'LL WAKE UP to the still, sweet morning of a whole world at peace! Until that dawn, much remains to be accomplished. Gallant Canadian women continue to serve their country wholeheartedly, through this sixth year of war, looking forward to the brilliant sunrise of victory in the East.

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By Richard Hudnut . . . Featured at Better Cosmetic Counters from Coast to Coast

CONCERNING FOOD

Labor Saving Devices to Go on Where Sadie Leaves Off

By JANET MARCH

"I'M so sorry I can't. I have no help." We've heard this phrase a good many times during the war, and what the poor things mean is that they alone must face breakfast, beds, dishes, meals, marketing, washing and mending and all the innumerable things a housewife should do. It's rather a nice description of domestic service-help—for it seems to elevate it from the doghouse to which a good many people have consigned it. It's an Americanism, according to "The Oxford Concise Dictionary," and was possibly invented by a democratic citizen of the United States in an effort to take the sting out of the word servant.

Just at present those who had maids before the war and haven't had for some years now are divided into two classes. There are those who simply can't wait to install somebody in their kitchens again. The others have discovered the blessed freedom of not having to stumble literally over Sadie in the upper hall, wait while she gets through talking to her boy friend on the telephone, and comply with a fierce set of rules which include dinner on the dot of 6.30 and no extra guests without due warning.

A good many women, particularly those with small children, are crying out with the psalmist "O give me the comfort of thy help again." Perhaps an even larger number have learned the way round their own houses and aren't going to lose it now. Just where all the munitions workers are going is on the lap of the gods, for most of them don't want to go into domestic service, and equally a lot of employers wouldn't have them. The housekeepers would rather spend some money on labor saving devices and work things out for themselves.

Before there is any wholesale return to domestic service there should be more understanding between employer and employee—regular time off, not to be changed at the whim of the woman of the house, no twelve hour days, holidays with pay—all those things which good employers have given always. On the other side there should be more efficiency, some type of standardized training for young girls, less time wasting and on the whole more elasticity about the job. Keeping house is full of emergencies. A child gets ill, there are extra people unexpectedly for dinner, someone needs something special washed and ironed in a hurry.

Great Britain's Mrs. More

Too often if you do have a maid emergencies like these are met with a stony stare and the employer is the one who takes up the slack and does them. She would far rather have the child read to than the floors waxed but the floor gets polished and her luncheon meeting is missed for the wonders of Peter Rabbit. If there are schools where domestic service is taught after the war let's hope they teach the value of having a schedule and not being afraid to break it. You know the sort of thing—"Tuesday. Scrub the bathroom floor. Ironing." It's a nice idea, but on Tuesday you will probably be trying to unstop the cellar drain and grease the vacuum cleaner.

Don't let us too quickly forget the good job the wartime housekeepers have done in Great Britain where things were so much more difficult than they ever were here. A. P. Herbert has put his feelings about them into one of his neat verses—

"You ought to have a medal, Mrs. More,
The medal for the Coupon and the Queue,
The Cross for Courage on the Kitchen Floor,
The Order of the Scrubbing-Brush and Stew.

"No Special Correspondent sees you shop
Or carry home that heavy little bag;
Nobody cares if you are fit to drop;
Nobody knows how high you fly the flag.

"The shop, the sink, the kitchen, and the queue —
Firewatching — gardening — the child — the chores —
Clean, cook, and wash — clean, cook, and wash anew —
But all the rest of every day is yours.

"God bless the boys who keep a watch afloat,
But bless them too, who keep a house ashore:
For they are comrades in the same brave boat.
You ought to have a Medal, Mrs. More."

This one poem which came out last year in a slim volume called "Less Nonsense" must have hit near home for there is a dedication at the beginning— "To Gwen Herbert, wife, mother, secretary, housekeeper, cook, gardener, artist, and ambulance driver."

Canadian housewives have had a pretty easy time of it, but a good many of us spend more time than we can really spare in the kitchen so quick recipes are always welcome. Try this menu—

Tomato Juice
Meat Loaf
Frozen Peas
Home-Fried Potatoes
Imitation Crême Brulé

Don't forget to chill the tomato juice and add Worcester sauce to each glassful. The meat situation is a little uncertain some days in these parts and meat loaf can be made from almost any kind of ground up meat. Buy a pound and a half, and add a cup of canned tomatoes, three teaspoonfuls of salt, pepper, paprika, one cup of bread crumbs, one egg, one onion chopped, a pinch of thyme and a sprinkle of Mexican chili salt. Mix everything in a bowl, then pack it into a loaf shaped pan and cook in a moderate oven for an hour.

The home fried potatoes are left-

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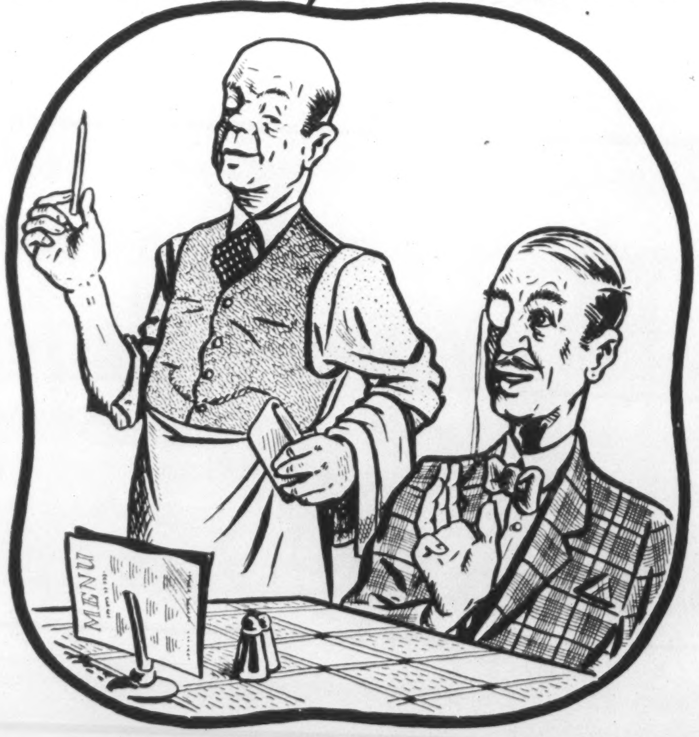
CRACKERS *by* McCORMICK'S



A stranded English actor went into a sordid eating house in New York for a cheap meal. He was horrified to recognize his waiter as a colleague who had played with him in London.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "You—a waiter—in this place."

"Yes," replied the other with dignity, "but I don't eat here."

MORAL—There's a lot of good eating for little money in a package of McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas.

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over ones sliced and sautéed with a little onion. The frozen peas just take a few minutes to cook after they come to the boil, and are nearly as good as those you are watching so carefully in your own garden.

Real Crême Brulé was made with whipping cream and eggs. That is out now, but if you make an ordinary baked custard and cool it, then sprinkle fine granulated sugar on the top and brown it under the broiler until you have a crust, then cool it again before serving, you have a very creditable imitation.

Short-Cut Casserole

2 cups diced cooked potatoes
2 cups diced cooked carrots
¼ cup chopped onion
1½ cups chopped cooked meat
2 tablespoons mild-flavored fat
2 cups tomato juice
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix ingredients together and arrange in a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F, about 30 minutes, until thoroughly heated. Six servings. Uncooked vegetables and ground uncooked meat may be used in the above casserole and the cooking time increased to 1 hour.

Tomato Curry Vegetable

1½ tablespoons mild-flavored fat
1/3 cup chopped onion
½ green pepper, diced (optional)
1½ tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon curry powder
2 cups tomato juice
2½ cups drained canned peas (green beans, wax beans or corn may be used)

Melt fat in saucepan. Add onion and green pepper, and cook 5 minutes over low heat, stirring occasionally. Mix flour, salt and curry powder and stir into onions. Add tomato juice slowly and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly. Add vegetable and heat thoroughly. Six servings.

Cheese Puffit

12 half-inch slices stale bread
½ lb. cheese, sliced
¾ teaspoon salt
2 2/3 cups milk
4 eggs
Pepper and paprika

Trim crusts from bread. Arrange alternate slices of bread and cheese in a greased baking dish. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and seasonings and pour over the bread. Cover baking dish and allow the mixture to become thoroughly chilled before baking. (This is necessary to make the Puffit puff.) Set in a pan of hot water and oven-poach in a moderate oven, 350° F, until set, about 45 minutes. Six to eight servings.

HAVE ANOTHER SLICE!

I'D LOVE IT—
this is grand
bread

Give your family *more* bread these days—at meals, between meals. Bread is an essential *quick energy* food—a good source of Vitamin B—a good *stretcher* for other foods. And low in cost! If you bake at home remember—Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast always gives fine, smooth, just-right bread. This dependable yeast has been Canada's favorite for over 70 years. Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—with the familiar yellow label.

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8B

Accompanied at the Piano by---

By FRANCES MARR

I AM an accompanist. I like accompanying. I always have liked it. Can you see any reason why I shouldn't do it? Yet I have never played a concert in my life that somebody hasn't come backstage and said to me, "Oh, the accompaniments were beautiful, but we wish you had played some solos. You should play solos!" Now naturally that is very kind and gratifying, and I am always pleased to hear a complimentary remark like that, except when they are standing too near my soloist, who might overhear them.

But I often wonder what it is in human nature that isn't content to see things as they are. If a violinist has a big tone they say, "Oh he sounds like a trombone," and my aunt always says I sound just like little bells.

I find playing for people the most satisfying experience in music. There is something really thrilling about making an entity out of a singer and a piano, a violinist and a piano, or a cellist and a piano.

Now, the piano is the least cooperative of all instruments. It doesn't really blend with anything. Yet if you're an accompanist you have to *make* it blend. You're faced with the impossible task of fitting it to the lovely legato sound of stringed instruments or voice—and if you've ever tried to make 88 hammers sing like a bird, you'll know how I feel. Just like a riveter!

Two To Suffer

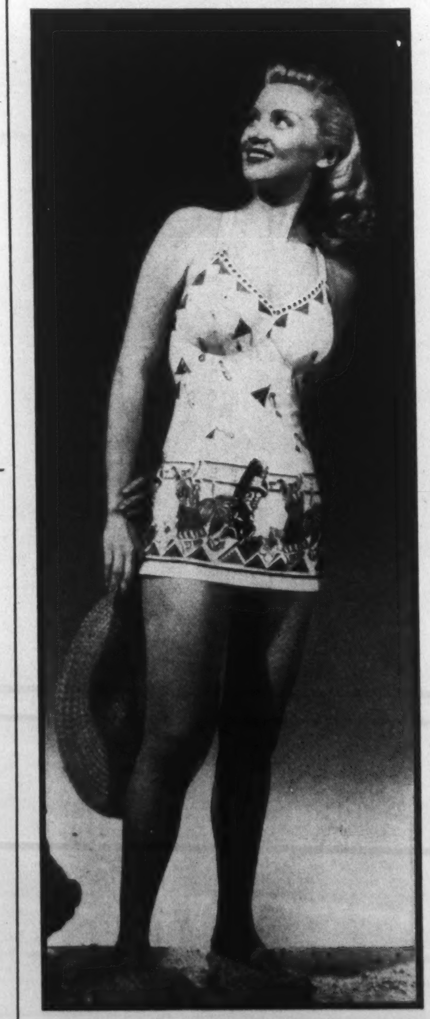
However, Nature has a way of rewarding grim endeavor. Just when you've finally decided that really you shouldn't be a musician, and that anyone in Grade IV sounds much better than you do—the miracle happens—you and the fiddle are really One. The fact that your success generally lasts about eight bars, and then you're back to normal, doesn't deter you in the least. You've seen a light—you actually did what you wanted to do.

Besides the purely aesthetic pleasure of helping to create a musical ensemble, there is another side to being an accompanist that I like. When a solo pianist goes to play concerts in or out of town, he usually goes alone. I like to go with someone. Trains always leave too early, and it mitigates the horror somewhat if there are two of us to suffer. Going from the hotel to the concert hall when you are dying of fright is never as bad when someone is there with you, feeling the same way. After the concert you can talk over together all the things that happened—or should have happened! And then you can go to supper with a person to whom you don't have to apologize for the enormous amount you're eating, because he is eating just as much.

What surprises me is that more pianists don't go in for accompanying. Perhaps it is because they love the piano for its own sake. I gave up piano playing years ago. When I play for violinists or cellists, I'm a one-man band. When I play for singers I'm the wind in the trees, the dawn coming up like thunder, or a spinning-wheel. Perhaps I'll wake up some day and find I've turned into a tuba!

When musicians say to me, "But you don't get the big fees, or the big acclaim,"—I reply, "No, but I don't have the big responsibility, or the big advertising expenses either. I don't have to give recitals, but you can't give recitals without me. I'm the brook, you know: men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Vive l'accompagnateur!



For summer lakes and shores, a one-piece swim suit in semi-classic cut. The original "Canadiana" print on heavy faille is a colorful blending of totem pole, maple leaf, squaw and papoose. By Rose Marie Reid.

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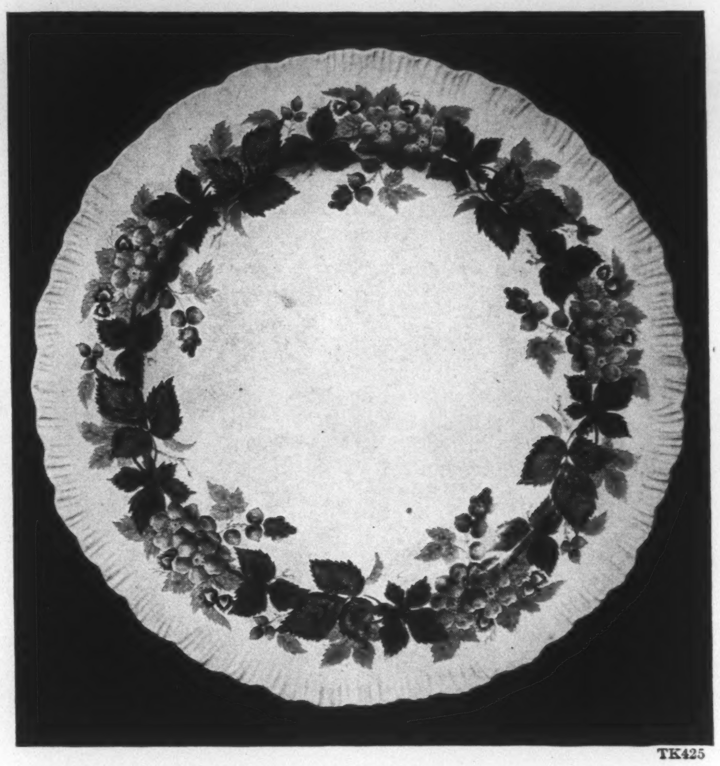

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THE OTHER PAGE

Old Mills and Clay Dishes Are . . . Old Mills and Clay Dishes

By MARY QUALE INNIS

WHILE her mother made sandwiches, Erie looked through the screen door at the red sand of the yard and thought about the picnic. She and her best friend, Lottie, had worked for weeks to persuade Mrs. Scanlon to consent to a picnic for the two of them, and all the hurdles, on this chosen day, seemed to be safely passed. It was fine but not too hot, they were to keep to the road and to a well-known open field, to return early, to eat nothing except the lunch provided for them. Still Erie expected, remembering her mother's deep antagonism to the life of the southern town, that some hitch would occur. Yet her mother, while she sliced and spread, was humming to herself.

Erie had felt waves of mysterious excitement passing over her head in the last few days while her parents talked more earnestly than usual and her mother laughed more often. She could not understand the air of secrecy that breathed from them for her birthday was past and it was half a year before Christmas.

"There, plenty for you and Lottie both. I know she'll only have a cold sweet potato." Her mother's voice was so light and happy that Erie looked up at her. Her mother smiled radiantly; it was coming now. "Erie," she asked quickly, almost shyly, "Erie, would you like to move?"

"Move!" She looked for a sign that her mother was in fun. "Out of this house?"

"Out of this town. Up north again."

"Oh mother, not away from here!"

Her mother's voice lifted joyfully. "Up north. Home. It's all settled, we're going next month."

Erie swallowed dryly. Of course her mother was glad to go for she had never liked the south. Erie turned to the screen door.

"Come on," called a voice from the yard.

"Oh mother, Lottie's here. Can't we go on the picnic?" She had not meant to sound as if she were crying.

"Of course, dear, here's your lunch. Be careful, won't you?" In a lower voice she added, "Don't tell Lottie yet."

ERIE took the parcel of sandwiches and walked slowly beside Lottie, hearing nothing Lottie said. There was no danger that she would tell; she would never want to tell anyone. She looked sideways at Lottie's thin figure in the faded gingham, her short hair and her small freckled face with its expression of patient sweetness.

"I can't," she told herself over and over, "I can't go away. I can't." At almost every step she thought with a fresh shock of grief, "I'll never see the river any more or the old mill or the big house with the gold mirror. I'll never see the magnolias or the chinaberry tree. I'll never go to the yeast woman's again or eat fresh figs or sugar cane."

"What's the matter?" Lottie asked gently. "Don't you feel good?"

Another girl would tease her and shout, "Erie's mad and I'm glad—" She couldn't leave Lottie.

"I feel fine," she said making her voice steady, making her mouth smile. "Let's go to the river."

"Your mother said to stay on the road. Let's go to the park and swing."

"I want to go to the river, just for a minute," Erie pleaded with such urgency that Lottie agreed, glancing at her with a worried smile. Erie gave her hand a squeeze of gratitude. She would never see the river and the mill again.

They took the downhill path beside which huge, scentless pale blue violets starred the wiry grass and where, overhead, silver draperies of Spanish moss swung from the branches of the trees. Now they heard the rushing of the river and Erie hurried forward. The iron-red water was broken by lifted fangs of stone into a tumult of whirlpool and rapid, and through its red surface tumbled into white, gray rocks stood up like water beasts. Where the stones were clotted into tiny islands, ivory laurel magnolia blossoms shone against massed dark leaves. Erie stood staring, trying to gather in this wildness and beauty, that she might carry it away with her.

"Come on, aren't you hungry?" Lottie called. Lottie would have all this and she must lose it. She could hear the hollow crash of water under the floor of the abandoned mill.

"I want to go into the mill," she said in a choked voice and ran toward it.

"Don't you dare go in there, Erie. The floor might fall!"

ERIE crossed the broken threshold and took one long step forward. Daylight showed between the shrunken boards in long ribbons making a yellow network on darkness. The dark interior was a vast soundbox for the roaring underneath. Through holes in the floor white crests leaped up into the woven rays of light, the floor trembled and just in front of Erie's feet a jet of water suddenly rose, glistening, and collapsed with a loud splash. Shivering, Erie jumped back.

"Come on, let's eat. We don't need to make clay dishes today."

Erie caught Lottie's hand, insisting eagerly, "Oh yes, let's. I love to make dishes." She would never stand on the perilous boards of the old mill, never again shape the greasy red clay.

Lottie smoothed out plates, Erie turned lop-sided cups and bowls. "We ought to let them dry," Lottie said, "but I'm so hungry let's just pretend they're dry. I've got coffee in my cup, what you-all got, Erie?"

"Grape juice," she answered gravely. "It's good." Again she saw Lottie looking at her anxiously and again she thought that without Lottie she could not possibly go on living.

"I want to take my cup home," she said when they had eaten.

"It'll break all up."

"I'll be careful." Erie wrapped it in her sandwich paper—she would keep it always—and looked again toward the dark magnolias, the red river.

This time when she entered the room her mother and father did not break off their talk; they made Erie one of themselves.

"Can you remember snow, Erie?" her father asked. He too was easy and gay. "Can you remember our lawn at home and the apple trees?"

"Of course," she answered stiffly.

"I have all the packing boxes and crates saved," Mrs. Scanlon went on eagerly. "I thought surely it wouldn't be long—"

Mr. Scanlon took an envelope from

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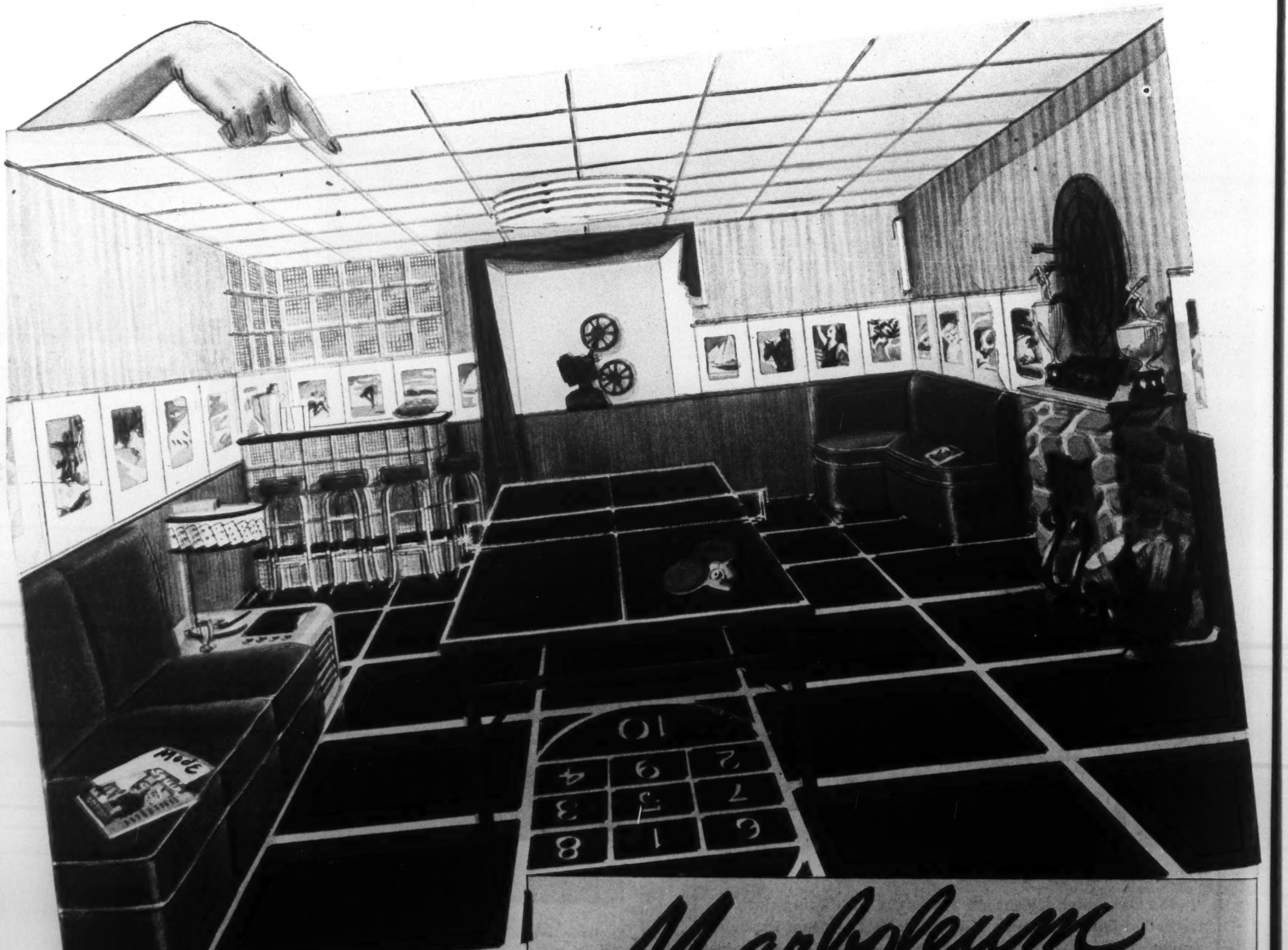

Marboleum FOR FLOORS

his pocket and spread three long green tickets on the table. "This one is yours," he said to Erie. She stared at it.

AFTER supper, while it was still light, she retired to her favorite spot under the back steps. She sat on a box and rested her feet on a brick while twilight closed softly round the open sides of her retreat. Without knowing how it happened, she saw, much more plainly than the sand about her, the smooth white lawn of their house up north. She felt the snow shuffle aside as her buttoned leggings forged out a fox-and-geese track; she felt snowflakes flicker before her pupils and cling to her lashes. She saw things she had not once remembered in all the two years they had lived in the south—a blazing nasturtium border, grass like green plush, apple trees in flower and maple leaves showering down orange and yellow. How had she forgotten them?

"No more trips to the yeast woman," her mother said when she went inside. "Oh Erie, we'll be home."

Erie thought of the long walk to the yeast woman's house and wondered how it could have seemed so fascinating. Just an old colored woman and the fresh figs from her tree were too sticky and sweet. Sand everywhere here, no grass, and even the big house with the gold-framed mirror in its drawingroom was dingy and old. The abandoned mill was ready to fall down any day and the walks were sandy and hot. Apple trees and grass and next winter she could make snowballs.

"What's this?" her mother asked, opening the crumple of paper. "It looks like mud."

Her clay cup had broken; it was only mud after all.

"Throw it away," Erie said. "Oh mother!" She burrowed her nose against her mother's shoulder.

While she sat in school, while she played with the girls, suddenly she would think, "We're going away, we're going home. I can't wait!" and gladness would shorten her breath till she could scarcely go on with the lesson, the game.

"I knew there was something," Lottie said when she heard and her mouth drew down so piteously that Erie said gaily,

"Oh, it isn't for a long time. Not till week after next."

LOTTIE gave a party for her and while she laughed and ran and enjoyed every moment, still it did not seem quite real. After all there was only sand to play on and store cookies to eat.

On the day before they were to leave, Lottie came over and all at once, in the midst of playing moving, she began to cry. Erie tried not to notice but Lottie threw herself down on the back steps and sobbed aloud.

"Have you got a pain?" Erie asked anxiously. "What's the matter, Lottie?"

Erie sat on the step beside her and patted her shoulder. She felt embarrassed and guilty; she was fonder of Lottie than of any friend she had ever had, she would miss Lottie very much but she did not feel like crying. She thought of all the sad things that had happened to her—about the blue glass penholder her father had stepped on and about her tonsilitis, but still her eyes were dry. It was not that she loved Lottie less, it was that she had entered a new world of excitement and wonder in which Lottie seemed to have no place. She felt relieved when her mother gave Lottie a cookie to cheer her but Lottie only cried harder to think that she would never taste home-made cookies again. So much packing still remained to be done that Mrs. Scanlon could not ask Lottie to stay to supper.

The train left at half-past nine on Saturday morning so that at a quarter to nine they were all in the cab. It was raining hard; Erie saw through a veil of water the familiar houses, the store, the chinaberry tree, and she looked at them earnestly, in farewell, but they were already out of sight. Her heart beat like thunder, she smoothed her new dress and smiled at the toes of her rubbers.

"Look, Erie!" her father exclaimed as the cab turned a corner.

There in the rain on the curb stood Lottie. She had a sweater over her head and no umbrella, strands of hair stuck to her forehead and her dress clung, drenched, to her thin knees. Her face was contorted but whether with crying or against the force of the rain Erie could not tell. She had said good-bye to Lottie last evening and scarcely thought about her again. If only she wouldn't stand so still. She must have waited there for a long time to have got so wet.

Leaning her face to the glass, Erie waved and waved. Lottie waved once and then pulled the sweater sleeves together under her chin.

"She ought to run home and change her clothes," Mrs. Scanlon said briskly, waving too.

Erie waved and smiled till her cheeks hurt. She felt deeply distressed to see Lottie's despairing stillness; her eyelids prickled yet at the same time she felt excited and happy —the train, the apple trees, the snow. Lottie looked at her from very far off, almost like a stranger. It seemed to Erie that she had already gone away, that she had gone weeks ago. The cab rattled on, she waved harder and in an instant more Lottie's figure was out of sight.

THE TIN GOD, PROGRESS

"PROGESS is a woolly abstraction. If I understand rightly it means learning to get from one place to another in a shorter time, and increasing the population and the size of houses and the dividends of the joint-stock banks; or sometimes it means getting all the children in the world to wear clean pinafores and recite slabs of Julius Caesar, and giving a refrigerator to every family, and everyone working a ten-hour week as supervisor of entirely automatic machinery and devoting all the remaining hundred and thirty waking hours to folk dancing and painting in tempera; then retiring at thirty-five and living to the age of one hundred and twenty. Generally it means a hotch-potch of all these things."

—From "Interim" by R. C. Hutchinson.

DELAYED ODE FROM 1885

THE C.P.R. just then was incomplete,
Hiatuses were in it, numbering four;
Indeed, it was an engineering feat
To blast a road at all through that North Shore.
And it is needless to remark, perhaps,
No pullmans functioned yet between the gaps.

The cars were flats, upboarded at the side
Else you were going sideways overboard;
The ends were free; the view was circle-wide,
Better than observation cars afford;
While all the open sky was requisitioned
To make them adequately air-conditioned.

Like blanket-hooded ghosts in the weird gleam
Of the full Easter moon, — the mercury
At twenty-odd below — we snorted steam
Into the frosty night in symphony.
And if by luck a man began to snore,
He slid to fitful slumber on the floor.

The night *did* pass somehow. O noble Sol,
You *did* knock down the moon and giggling stars,
And made at last your mounting rays to fall
Upon the riders on those damned flatcars.
Never, oh never, was it better timed,
The hour when o'er that Eastern verge you climbed!

Yet — base ingratitude! — we soon must swear
That you, Old Sol, could not the sport forego
Of pouring down all day that blinding glare
On weary devils hiking through the snow.
Miles two-and-twenty westward o'er the ice
You smote us in the face,—it wasn't nice!

Some rail, a gap, more rail, a gap again,—
Eleven miles and nine,—O welcome shock!
When proper cars assembled in a train
Absorbed us on arrival at Red Rock!
Vale! Avaunt! Farewell, O thou North Shore!
No syncopated rail-routes any more!

G. H. N.

"For fun I like a circus best, but my Eaton dress is very special too! It's as cool as a little fish in a pool . . . and very merry, with stripes that go round and round! Mummy says it's a seersucker cotton and that it takes to the tub and comes up with a grin . . . just the way I do! She says there are lots of frocks for little girls at

EATON'S

When the wash is out
and you're all in
There's
Quick Comfort
in a cup of TENDER LEAF TEA
TENDER LEAF TEA
Superior Quality
TENDER LEAF TEA
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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 9, 1945

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

British Business Still Can't Get Underway

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The golden day of economics has started in Britain, Mr. Layton says. Government and Business are being dazzled by their Cinderella sister. Much of this is good. But there is the one danger that even business itself, in the wealth of new preaching, may lose respect for its own voice. And, with Britain needing the most efficient production machine possible, this would be bad.

London.

THE golden age of economics has begun to dawn. It is not for nothing that special courses in economic theory are being conducted for businessmen, and there was no mistaking the authentic note of academic theory in the White Paper on Full Employment. Government and Business, to whom economics have been an obscure Cinderella sister, are awakened to her virtue and anxious to learn the lessons she may teach. And it is small wonder, for the established gods have come tumbling down and we confront a world in which the old requirements demand new methods, in which the old is branded incompetent and the new rings with the glory of its newness.

Economics is an empiric science, reasoning from experience, but its conclusions as they are now presented to us seem strange to a nation cradled in a philosophy of sound finance and no nonsense, and accustomed to seek a remedy for new ills in its recollection of the pains of old ones. Britain will be hard up in the phase of industrial resurgence, and that would have meant, to a traditional Chancellor like Philip Snowden (or, indeed, Lord Simon), a spartan treatment of the national accounts, increased taxation and severely cut expenditure. But it will not be so, for economics has taught that the cure for a contracting economy is an expansionist expenditure and investment program. The harder up we get the more we shall spend.

Old heads in the business world would have said that a great job of rebuilding such as we must now embark on must mean a rise in the cost of hiring money, since demand will be so great for financial resources. Economics teaches otherwise, that the reconstruction can and should be financed on as cheap a basis as the war was financed.

The same old heads would argue that the tying of sterling to gold (admittedly an elastic tie) agreed on at Bretton Woods must associate the British economy too closely to the vagaries of the U.S., but economics teaches that a debtor nation cannot afford luxuries and that times have changed.

Economics Says Must Plan

Most of all, economics says that we must adopt the principle of central planning over a major part of the economy, and that the old individualism should disappear with the other anachronistic phenomena of past eras. At this point, where economics is also politics and sociology, the issue is really joined. Business has a word to say.

Cartels and monopolies are an abuse of business, not a logical extension of it, and they are no more liked (though they are better understood) in the business world than outside it. Of them we do not speak.

Business itself, so complicated in its structure, so comprehensive in its scope, is simple enough in its objects. Business aims to make profit, and to make it in those conditions of decency and efficiency which alone can

(*Continued on Next Page*)

British "Medics" Fight Disease in Far East

British medical officers with our forces in the Far East are fighting a second enemy—tropical disease. Most deadly of foes is the malaria-carrying mosquito, which breeds in stagnant pools. Medical personnel, trained at the Royal Naval School of Malaria and Hygiene Control, Colombo, Ceylon, are seen here dipping for mosquito larvae. Sometimes disinfection of suspected water supply is difficult, for the natives hide water pools by covering them with sticks. Below: an officer holds the brush aside while the coolie sprays such a pool with a D.D.T. mixture.

Medical aid is given to the liberated Burmese. Below: an Indian medic treats the eyes of a native whose village has been freed from Japanese.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Prosperity, Not Job-Making

By P. M. RICHARDS

SHOULD our primary aim in social reconstruction be to provide everyone that wants it with a job, or to bring about the kind of economic conditions that will produce plenty of jobs, along with an ample supply of goods and services? Of course they are not at all the same thing. [illegible] ng may be the quickest and easiest [illegible] purchasing power but it doesn't itself pro[illegible] actual goods and services by which people live. This is not a question of abstract theory but one of practical social politics. We ought to make up our minds about it. The defeat of Germany shifts us automatically from the period of planning for the postwar into the first stage of implementing those plans. The decisions we make now may powerfully affect us for good or ill over the next several years. A wrong step now may be hard to retrace.

It may be argued that to concentrate on purchasing power rather than on actual production and distribution is a good thing because the existence of ample purchasing power will surely bring about a large flow of goods. That's true to a degree, of course, but there's already plenty of purchasing power existing in the form of wartime savings, and the business of producing wanted goods will naturally generate much more. We might get a good deal more purchasing power (or rather money; even money isn't purchasing power if it can't buy the goods) than goods and services, making of course for an inflationary rise of prices—a possible fire for which plenty of fuel already exists. And we would be likely to make many jobs for which there was no real necessity, thereby burdening (perhaps destructively) the taxpayers and the economy.

State Can't Provide Enough Jobs

It's remarkable how widely held is the notion that having everybody working and in receipt of an income is the only thing that matters. A prominent London writer said recently that the only proper criterion of any social undertaking was: would it make jobs? and that anything which would do so was good. Neither the British nor the Canadian government has yet subscribed to that idea. But the King Government recently announced, through Mr. Howe's White Paper, that if returned to power it intends to make the maintenance of a "high and stable level of employment and income" a primary object of policy. The Government statement certainly did not imply the assumption of an obligation to provide a living for everyone regardless of the usefulness of the services rendered; on the contrary, it expressly emphasized the need for facilitating and encouraging the expansion of private industry to provide the additional employment required.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the notion that the State owes every man a living is widespread and has been fostered by political speakers of all parties, making a basis for political pressure that any government might find it hard to resist. Unquestionably a "high and stable level of employment and income" is greatly to be desired. But it should be sought as the product of a program aimed at enlarging production and widening distribution rather than as an end in itself. The point is, of course, that while more production means more jobs, more jobs don't necessarily mean more production.

A recent article by U.S. Senator Harry F. Byrd in the *American Magazine* on "The Government's Waste of Manpower" said that "While the nation suffers from a critical manpower shortage, Washington bureaucrats blithely keep on paying 300,000 unnecessary federal workers to sit out the war." Numerous instances were given of the creation of unnecessary jobs for reasons of patronage. Though already too large for efficiency, it was stated that most U.S. government departments were planning to further increase staffs in the postwar. And many of us have personal knowledge of the over-staffing of government war plants, in Canada as well as the U.S. It is perpetuation and even increase of this sort of thing that is promised by our making high employment our aim rather than prosperity.

Only 23 Per Cent in Manufacturing

Assuming, then, that we accept as a premise of the Government's "high and stable level of employment and income" policy the fact that we can't hope to solve our employment problem by creating state pensioners—since to do so must mean the creation of more non-producers to be supported by the remaining producers—, we might also give consideration to this fact: that we cannot properly dump the responsibility for providing sufficient employment on the shoulders of industry (as Philip Murray of the C.I.O. did some time ago) because it simply does not belong there. The last United States census shows aggregate employment of 45,166,000 persons in that country in 1940. Of these only 10,573,000 or 23 per cent were engaged in manufacturing. Adding construction and mining raises the figure to 13,542,000 or 30 per cent, and if retail and wholesale trade, transportation and other public utilities, finance, insurance and real estate are further added, the total rises to 25,662,000 or 57 per cent. The remainder, nearly 20,000,000, were engaged in services of many kinds, in agriculture, forestry and fishing, and in government activities.

If, then, we can't successfully make either government or business the employment goat, the only answer seems to be to work to create an atmosphere so stimulating to enterprise that there will be plenty of opportunities for people to help themselves. Instead of directly manufacturing jobs, it will be more socially profitable to seek to bring about the kind of conditions that create them.

(*Continued from Page* 34)

ensure that it is recurring profit. Therefore, the business world is concerned with the conclusions of economic theory from a notably simple point of view. It regards economics at best as an aid to efficiency; at worst as a danger to it.

At this crucial stage in Britain's history, when the dogma of ages is being thrown overboard and new conceptions are enthusiastically adopted, business is not altogether happy about things. It does not like the licence, which is generously granted in modern thought, to unbalanced budgets. It does not like the contempt in which thrift is held, or the suggestion that the best rate of interest is nothing per cent per annum. It rather approves the old-fashioned opinion, recently voiced by Sir Ernest Benn, that the attraction of London as a financial centre, and of Britain as a country to do business with, largely depends upon the association of Britain with Budgets that contrive generally to balance. And, while it does not think that the abolition of the rate of interest would also abolish saving, it regards some reward for saving (that is, lending) as not improper.

It is simple enough to suspect that if we spend more money than we can raise in taxation below the penal level we shall find ourselves in the predicament of which Mr. Micawber was so alertly aware. It is rash enough to doubt the advisability of making another genuflection to gold, surrendering "the regulation of our price level and the handling of the credit cycle to the Federal Reserve Board of the U.S.", as Lord Keynes said over twenty years ago, when the distribution of the yellow metal was nearly as cock-eyed as it is today. It is, in a word, a little suspicious of the ease with which the economist is solving our problems.

The industry and commerce of Britain is, indeed, remarkably self-reliant. It is grateful to the Platt and Reid Reports on cotton and coal, and to all those who offer information and advice. But what it really asks for is nothing except an opportunity to show its paces.

The Lifeblood

It asks for a lenient tax policy because liquid resources are the lifeblood of industrial development. It asks for freedom from control because, mistaken though it may be, it believes it knows its job better than any bureaucrat can teach it. It asks for stable exchanges because it sells and buys overseas, and it asks for the Gevernment to reserve the power to adjust exchange rates because it is acquainted with circumstances in which adjustments are necessary to preserve true relationships.

It asks for the maintenance of the purchasing power of sterling because it has seen the effects of inflation elsewhere, and it asks for prudence in domestic Budgetary expenditure because improvidence may spell ruin.

In this, industry is not self-righteous. It does not glorify its function. But the country, knowing its need of the most efficient production machine, may be wise to attribute a greater importance to the voice of business than business itself attaches.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Base Metal Industry Faces Many New Problems in Postwar Era

By JOHN M. GRANT

POSTWAR trends in the base metal industry will of necessity be determined by changes in national economic and political set-ups, in the opinion of Alan M. Bateman, associate chief, metals and minerals division of the United States Foreign Economics Administration. The Latin American countries in particular, he said, due to economic readjustments, found the United States practically their only customer for strategic materials, and that they had no market for non-strategic commodities. Canada's position in this regard has been affected less than that of other nations, both by reason of her maintenance of internal controls, and the fact that her main production has been in the United Kingdom orbit rather than that of the United States.

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Dr. Bateman was speaking on "The Postwar Outlook for the Base Metals", at the annual meeting of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, and his address has just recently been made available for publication. At the outset he admitted that any discussion of the postwar outlook must involve "a considerable amount of crystal gazing." Main pre-war factors governing international base metal sales, he said, were import capacity, tariffs, and competitive production costs. Today, however, new problems confront the industry. In the first place inflation has become more than a threat in the base-metal producing countries other than Canada and the United States. Another factor in the postwar economic picture is seen as the growing tendency for many producing countries to erect trade barriers such as export taxes and pegged foreign exchange. The nationalistic new policies adopted by the Latin-American nations toward mineral resource development was another restraining factor. Less drastic changes were faced by the other metal producing companies, said Dr. Bateman.

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In dealing with specific metals, Dr. Bateman said, world productive capacity of copper now exceeds the immediate postwar needs and greatly exceeds the normal peace time consumption. However, present indications are that consumption will persist at a high level during the Jap phase. According to Dr. Bateman, non-United States copper will be keenly seeking a postwar market and competition will be tough. Some form of international agreement may be necessary to control and allocate production. Canada, he said, might put forth special pleas for exemption from allocation of production quotas, but overall consideration of other commodities should also be taken into account.

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Zinc has also undergone great expansion and most of this in prewar days sought European markets. Where formerly the United States supplied its own requirements some estimates indicate it may have to im-

(*Continued on Page* 39)

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Authorized by Post Office Department, Ottawa, as second class matter.

Printed and Published in Canada
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
CORNER OF RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD
STREETS, TORONTO 1, CANADA
MONTREAL........................Birks Bldg.
VANCOUVER...............815 W. Hastings St.
NEW YORK...........Room 512, 101 Park Ave.
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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

M. R., Sudbury, Ont.—I understand BRENGOLD MINES, which succeeded Casey Contact Gold Mines on a basis of one new for three old shares, proposes to resume work as soon as possible on its property of 12 claims adjoining Sturgeon River Gold Mines. In previous operations some high grade values were uncovered. A working agreement was entered into in 1941, but outside of dewatering the shaft no further development was done due to the restrictions imposed on new gold mining operations. However, I believe this agreement is yet in effect and it is expected shipments can be made from the high grade oreshoot at a profit.

R. A. N., Trail, B.C.—No, there have been no dividend payments to date on CANADIAN BREWERIES common, but the company announced the other day that it will place the common on an annual dividend basis of 80 cents a share with an initial quarterly payment of 20 cents on Oct. next to shareholders of record Aug. 15. With the issuing of an additional 115,000 common shares to reimburse the company for expenditures in acquiring Brewing Corp. of America, Canadian Breweries has 887,530 common shares outstanding. Preceding them are 245,497 preferred shares.

P. A. S., Calgary, Alta.—Earnings of BREWERS AND DISTILLERS OF VANCOUVER LTD. in the first 1945 quarter were maintained at a rate equivalent to that of the corresponding period of 1944, says H. S. Tobin, president. Production for 1944 was 19 per cent greater than for 1943 and net profit for the fiscal year ended Dec. 31 last, including the refundable tax, was equal to 88 cents per share and exclusive of refundable to 69 cents a share.

H. B. M., Hamilton, Ont.—Yes, some diamond drilling has been carried out on the TOVARICH-LARDER GOLD MINES property, which lies to the southeast of the producing mines in the Larder Lake area. Drill exploration last summer of the north part of the claims did not offer much encouragement and work was discontinued in September. Previous exploration indicated a 1,200-foot mineralized section which gave low values in the central portion of the ground. The property is a large one comprising 20 claims and has been by no means yet fully explored. Deeper drilling was recommended for the central portion but as yet I have heard of no plans as to the further testing of the property.

J. T., Dresden, Ont.—The prospects for INTERNATIONAL TUNGSTEN do not appear very bright. After a thorough sampling of the property at Slave Lake, Consolidated Mining and Smelting dropped its option which was suggestve of unfavorable results. An option was taken on a gold-base metals prospect in the Sheep Creek district of British Columbia but nothing apparently became of this. SHENANGO MINING COMPANY is inactive awaiting more favorable conditions. I understand the property has been mantained in condition although part of the plant was sold. SLATE BAY MINES has three groups of

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Speculative Fires Dying?

BY HARUSPEX

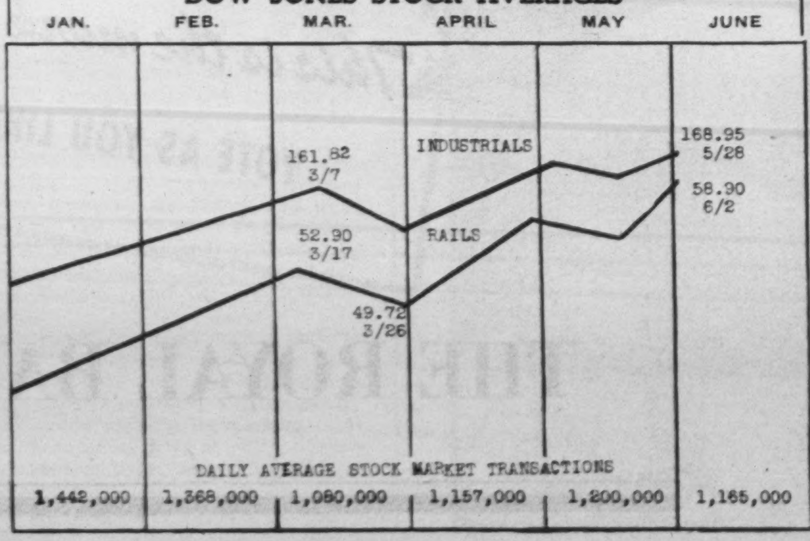
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: New York stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, have, according to our indices, been in a broad zone of distribution over the past two years preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SHORT TERM OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the mid-September 1944 low points of 142.96 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 38.71 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Stock prices, both Rails and Industrials, have entered new high ground since our last Forecast. In thus moving decisively above early May peaks, the trend is reconfirmed as upward, which is in keeping with volume indications on the preceding decline, when a distinct tendency of trading to dry up on weakness was noted. There is another feature of volume that is also to be noted, at this time, as it merits further observation. This is its failure, during the intermediate advance underway since September, 1944, to attain levels witnessed in either the shorter term advance from April to July, 1942, or the shorter term advance from November 1942 to July 1943. The tendency of volume to gradually recede as a move progresses is often an indication that the fires of speculation are dying down and out. Of such an occurrence important declines eventually come, as a general rule.

As to the immediate period ahead, the market has approached a zone—170 to 175—that we have felt would develop substantial resistance to continuation of the advance. At the same time, it is also entering a time period—June and early July—that, over each of the past three years, has witnessed fair progress on the upside. Recognizing the abnormal length of the longer term move from April 1942 to date, as well as the generous period over which the last shorter term move (that from September, 1944, to date) has extended, and also taking into account the passing of V-E Day, with ensuing gradual contraction in the rate of U.S.A. industrial activity, it might well turn out that such strength as may be witnessed from now to over the one to five weeks ahead, will prove to be that final push that winds up a long term swing. In any event, we have counselled further building of cash reserves and strength in the 170 to 175 area. To those, however, who prefer, rather than selling on strength as advised, to risk the entire move-out until technical evidences indicated it has definitely reversed downward, whether at 170 to 175, or some higher or lower figure, the cue would be to withhold selling awaiting a downward zigzag formation in the shorter term movement from new high levels from point 166.71.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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claims in the Red Lake district, also a group of claims in the Lightning River area. Earlier in the year the company reported upwards of $80,000 in the treasury for initial development. There is a wide ore zone on the property and a bulldozer is to be used to clear the overburden preparatory to diamond drilling. The company has capable management. TRANS-TERRA MINES has a number of properties all of which are in the prospect stage. An extensive prospecting program has started on the Yellowknife property where the geological formation is said to be favorable. Diamond drilling is to be done on the company's property in Privat township, Quebec, as a result of a new gold find on the adjoining property. The company reports sufficient finances on hand for the exploration of the various properties held.

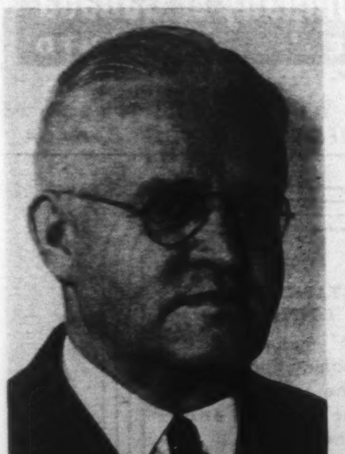
C. B., Vancouver, B.C.—The flat lying orebody at DONALDA MINES is estimated to contain within the margins of the drilling 420,000 tons of minable ore of a grade of approximately $7 per ton. The exact grade and tonnage can only be determined by closer drilling or underground work. In addition, other sections were encountered above and below, indicating fair grade over minable widths, but enough is not yet known to state whether they constitute orebodies. The orebody has a known length of 1,200 feet, a known width of 1,100 feet and is open in all directions. The depth of the body was between 200 feet on the north to 600 feet on the south. It is possible later when Donalda has been opened up by underground work and is ready for mining, arrangements might be worked out for Noranda Mines to handle this ore. Tests have shown the ore to be suitable for a flux for Noranda. The company at present has about $313,000 cash.

J. L. S., Montreal, Que.—NEWCOR MINING & REFINING was recently reported as rapidly approaching the production point, with smelter and refinery nearing completion and the power line making progress, but action of the shares marketwise is something I am unable to offer any opinion on. It was expected the power line would be completed around the beginning of the month and production was supposed to follow. While sufficient funds are reported to carry the property into production an agreement has been made for the sale of 500,000 shares to a New York firm at $1 per share to provide a cash surplus for the extension of the company's activities. Application to the Securities and Exchange Commission of the U.S. involved a great deal of detail and when the registration becomes effective the distribution of the 500,000 shares is to be proceeded with.

M. C. S., Midland, Ont.—Yes, the annual report of DOMINION SQUARE CORP. (the office building at corner of St. Catherine and Peel Streets, Montreal) for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1945, shows a continuation of the steady progress that has been made since the capital reorganization of July, 1939, in increasng revenues and reducing the funded debt. The 1944-45 fiscal year saw gross operating revenue increased from $523,804 the previous year to $541,954, and net profits, before interest and depreciation, up from $239,494 to $262,599. Bond interest of $125,212 was thus earned more than twice, enabling $104,000 to be set aside for depreciation, leaving a surplus of $33,387, which was cut to $19,364 after income and excess profits taxes of $14,023.

K. C. W., North Bay, Ont.—An increase in the authorized capitalization to 4,500,000 shares was recently made by DONA PATRICIA GOLD MINES and at last report the company was negotiating for finances to carry out a further test of the property which adjoins Central Patricia on the south. While structure was favorable previous diamond drilling returned only low gold values. This drilling, however, was shallow but it is now proposed to probe to greater depth. Wingait Gold Mines is exploring a group of claims in an area with interesting geological conditions and reports finances on hand for an extensive program. At present the zone is being tested on which Wasa Lake Gold Mines indicated a large tonnage of ore some distance west of the Wingait boundary. Five drill holes have been completed and some interesting values secured. As to whether or not these can be correlated to outline the orebody still remains to be determined.

A. P. H., Halifax, N.S.—You are correct in saying that WABASSO COTTON'S operating profit was higher in the year ended April 28, 1945, rising from $1,126,850 to $1,262,010, and revenue from investments also increased from $74,280 to $84,376. However, there was a decline in net per share on the capital stock to $4.82 from $5.68 for the previous year as the result of an increase in provision for income and excess profts taxes from $265,863 to $330,384 and the transfer of $150,000 to reserve for investments. The dividend rate of $4 per annum was still well covered by the latest year's earnings. Operating profits included the subsidy paid to the company by Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation in both years. Net working capital was slightly higher at $2,605,989 as against $2,560,216 a year earlier.



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NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference Shares, 1¾% ($1.75) for the current quarter;

On the Common Shares, 75c per share;

payable July 15th, 1945, to shareholders of record June 15th, 1945.

By Order of the Board,
W. P. RILEY,
President.

Toronto Elevators, Limited

WITH elevators located at Toronto and Sarnia, Toronto Elevators Limited is on the route for the movement of grain from Western Canada to the consuming areas in the east and for export. Wheat has to be transported to the east where the bulk of flour milling capacity of the Dominion is located, and also moves eastward by rail and water for the export market. As pointed out in previous articles, the Dominion will be called upon to supply enormous quantities of food to the devastated countries of Europe for years to come and grain enters into the most nourishing of foods. In addition the company operates a commercial feed plant and feeds will continue in heavy demand for preparing cattle, poultry, etc., for the world markets. These feeds are produced in quantity by the company and sold under well known trade marks. With temporary facilities, Toronto Elevators, Limited, has a total capacity of 10,000,000 bushels, and the elevators are located on the waterfronts for the most economical handling, transportation and storing of grain. The company's financial position has been improved materially in years past and the Board has always practised a conservative dividend policy to permit the ploughing back of surplus earnings into the business.

Net profit for the fiscal year ended July 31, 1944, of $279,363, was an increase from $275,801 for the previous year and $138,912 for the period ended July 31, 1939. The 1943 net was equal to $4.02 per share, inclusive of $1.51 per share refundable portion of the excess profits tax, against the dividend paid of $1 per share. The 1938-1939 net profit was equal to $1.16 a share. Earned surplus at July 31, 1944, amounted to $943,483 and included $175,185 refundable tax. This earned surplus was an increase from $255,609 at July 31, 1939.

Net working capital has increased annually and at the same time the loan from the City of Sarnia has been reduced. Net working capital of $1,197,770 was up from $1,116,611 the year before and $785,949 at July 31, 1939. Current assets of $6,600,752 at the end of the last fiscal period included cash of $305,887 and Dominion Bonds of $500,000, and current liabilities of $5,402,982 bank and other loans of $4,825,172, all but $450,000 of which were secured.

Toronto Elevators, Limited, has no funded debt and the outstanding capital at July 31, 1944, consisted of 26,283 shares of 5¼% cumulative redeemable preference stock of $50 par value. The preference stock is entitled to cumulative annual dividends of 5¼% and callable in whole or in part on 30 days notice at $52.50 per share and accrued dividend. The preference stock outstanding is being gradually reduced through the application of the sinking fund.

Dividends are paid to date on the preference stock. An annual interim dividend of $1 a share is being paid on the common stock. An initial dividend of $1 per share was paid on the common stock in January 1933 and similar distributions made since in the late months of each year, with the exception of 1937 and 1938. In 1937 two dividends of $1 each were paid and no payment was made in 1938.

Toronto Elevators, Limited, was incorporated in 1928 under an Ontario Charter. The elevator at Toronto has a capacity of 4,000,000 bushels and that at Sarnia 3,000,000 bushels. In 1941 temporary storage facilities for 3,000,000 bushels were constructed at Sarnia as a measure for providing additional storage for Canada's surplus wheat stocks. This temporary storage was subject to accelerated depreciation and the intention is to destroy when the emergency ends.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1944, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range		Earned	Price Earnings Ratio		Earned
	High	Low	Per Share-a	High	Low	Per Share
1944	30	24	$4.02	7.5	6.0	$1.00
1943	31	23½	3.93	7.9	6.0	1.00
1942	21	16½	4.34	4.8	3.8	2.00
1941	21½	19	3.67	5.9	5.2	1.00
1940	32	16	3.12	10.2	5.1	1.00
1939	32½	10	1.16	28.0	8.7	—
Average 1939-1944				8.3	5.4	
Approximate Current Average				9.0		
Current Yield				2.8%		

a—Includes $1.51 per share refundable tax 1944, $1.75 a share 1943 and 9c a share 1942.
Note—Price range for calendar year and earnings and dividends per share for fiscal years ending with July

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended July 31	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit—x	$ 279,363	$ 275,801	$ 300,288	$ 268,410	$ 240,662	$ 138,912
Surplus	943,483	784,457	632,232	510,006	367,792	255,609
Current Assets	6,600,752	5,851,987	5,109,584	4,244,560	3,519,358	5,768,358
Current Liabilities	5,402,982	4,235,376	4,014,171	3,168,219	2,589,831	4,982,099
Net Working Capital	1,197,770	1,116,611	1,095,413	1,076,341	929,527	785,949
Cash	305,887	350,095	220,747	222,341	119,958	69,531
Dominion Bonds	500,000	661,768	50,625	262,000	—	—

x—Includes $78,700 refundable tax 1944, $91,241 1943 and $4,759 1942.

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COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 31

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on May 30th, 1945 a dividend of Fifteen cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable July 3rd, 1945 to shareholders of record June 1st, 1945.

P. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ont., May 31st, 1945.

THE BELL TELEPHONE
COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A dividend of two dollars per share has been declared payable on the 16th day of July, 1945 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 23rd of June, 1945.

G. H. ROGERS,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 23, 1945.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Insurance Business as a Factor in the National Economy

By GEORGE GILBERT

Economists are not all agreed as to the particular division of economic theory in which insurance ought to be placed. One expert holds that it belongs to the department of production, not because it affects the productivity of capital but because the creation of security is in itself a form of production.

Another authority who had been considering the utilities of Form, Time and Place, in order to properly fit insurance into one of them, came to the conclusion that insurance related not to one but to all; that no change could be made in the form of raw material without increasing the exposure of value to uncertainty.

TO the average person who takes out a policy, insurance is nothing more than a device to satisfy a personal or business need. While that conception of insurance may be fundamentally true, it does not by any means tell the whole story of its real value and utility. As a matter of fact, it has become so interwoven with the material interests of society that it now forms an important element in our social system. It cannot be properly evaluated simply in the light of its primary function and the manner in which it has performed that function, but must be set against its economic background and related with the results of its impact on economic life.

In recent years economic principles have been receiving especial emphasis, and people generally have also become interested in the subject, with the result that politicians have largely substituted the economic appeal for that of patriotism. In recent years the public have likewise become appreciative of the value of insurance as a means of protection against the various hazards of business and life. This is evidenced by the increase which has taken place in the amount of business transacted by private insurance carriers in the past ten years in this country.

For example, the amount of life insurance carried by the people of Canada with Dominion registered companies at the end of 1934 was $6,220,725,929, while at the end of 1944 it was $9,138,221,352; the amount of life insurance carried with Dominion registered fraternal benefit societies at the end of 1934 was $167,355,701, while at the end of 1944 it was $225,795,511. At the end of 1934 the amount of fire insurance carried with Dominion registered companies was $8,804,840,678, and the amount carried with Provincial licenses, $1,240,396,61, a total of $10,045,237,289, while at the end of 1943, the latest date for which such Government figures are available, the amount carried with Dominion registered insurers was $13,386,782,873, and the amount carried with Provincial insurers, $1,495,355,226, a total of $14,093,603,235.

In 1934 Canadians paid $25,858,270 in net premiums for various forms of casualty insurance, such as accident and sickness insurance, automobile insurance, burglary insurance, guarantee insurance, employers liability insurance, machinery insurance, etc., to Dominion registered companies and $2,043,836 to Provincial licenses, a total of $27,902,106, while in 1943 the amount paid to Dominion registered companies was $52,325,898 and to Provincial licenses, $5,944,185, a total of $58,270,083.

From the foregoing figures it is clear that the people of this country are taking advantage to a steadily increasing extent of the protection which private insurance affords against the uncertainties of business and life, and that their interest in the preservation of the institution, to which they have entrusted so much of their money, against destruction or spoilation in the name of socialization or nationalization is much more than an academic one.

Essential Function

While there has been disagreement among economists as to the part insurance plays in economic development, it is clearly seen that its essential economic function is to promote the welfare of the people by removing uncertainty, though, of course, it is not the function of insurance to remove uncertainty of every type. It can only be applied to those risks which are entirely beyond the control of the individual and which are sufficiently regular in their occurrence to permit of their measurement.

One well known economist, in discussing the question as to the particular division of political economy in which the treatment of insurance should be placed, concluded that if the old divisions of production, distribution, exchange and consumption were to be maintained the proper place for the discussion of insurance, at least so far as insurance of capital was concerned, was in the department of production, although with respect to insurance of consumption goods the case might not seem so plain at first sight since there was not the same direct relation between such insurance and the productivity of industry. Nevertheless he held that it belonged to the division of production, not because it affected the productivity of other capital but because the creation of security was in itself a form of production.

Another writer on the subject, who had been considering the economic utilities of Form, Time and Place, that he might properly fit insurance into one of them, came to the conclusion that insurance related not to one but to all; that it was basic; that no change could be made in the form of raw material without increasing the exposure of value to uncertainty.

Uncertainty a Retardant

He pointed out that since the labor which effected the change was represented in the increased value of the goods, uncertainty regarding the destruction of this value had a retarding influence upon the use of labor and interfered with the free movement of credit. No transportation could be undertaken without involving uncertainty, he added, and no holding of goods could be imagined which did not involve the question of hazard, and if this hazard was not removed by insurance the risk would not be undertaken or undertaken only at a higher social cost.

In order to show the effect of insurance of consumer's goods upon production, he takes the hypothetical case of a young married couple who have worked and saved for two years to accumulate $1,000 with which to buy furniture. When their work and self-denial has become material in house furnishing, and a fire occurs and there is no insurance, it means, he said, not only that the destroyed value will not be replaced—a direct loss to the manufacturer—but that this loss will discourage the accumulation of capital for a similar purpose during the next two years and the example will have a retarding effect on accumulation by groups for the same purpose. As manufacturers and consumers alike recognize that production is dependent upon consumption, it is clear, he said, that uncertainty retards consumption and disrupts production.

Two characterists of the essential function of insurance—the substitution of certainty for uncertainty—were especially emphasized. The first was that only through insurance could this result be accomplished. Other institutions that are regarded as essential to our economic processes could be eliminated and the same result accomplished by other means; for instance, railroads could be supplanted by motor trucks even as they supplanted the canal boat and covered wagon. But, he pointed out, "the only way that the uncertainty of the risk of physical destruction can be removed is by the combination of large groups of similar units so that the variation from the average becomes less and less and because of its measurability can be assumed by the insurer for the payment of a definite charge."

• •

Inquiries

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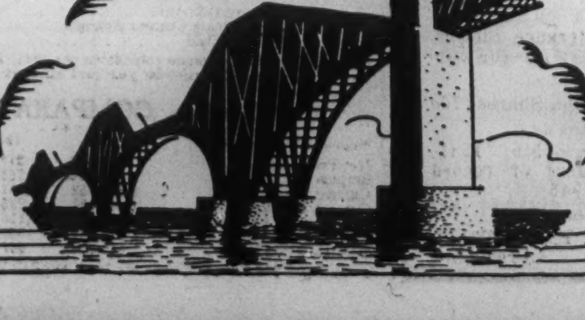

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 35)

port up to 40% of the postwar needs, and Dr. Bateman added, it would appear that forward thinking countries might seek the opportunity of American markets. Lead, formerly in excess, now very short, faces declining production. Although output has expanded to war stimuli, it is significant that no important new mines have been developed throughout the war or for a long time previously. Expansion has come largely from many small new properties and rejuvenated parts of old mines. Dr. Bateman pointed out that for the first time United States probably will become an important importer of lead and must look to those countries currently supplying its war imports.

•

All of this seems to add up, according to Dr. Bateman, that restricted exports of base metals to Europe are to be expected for some time; that the United States will probably be neither an importer nor exporter of copper; that an excess of copper production will be seeking a restricted competitive market; that expanded war production of lead and zinc is capable of meeting world demands but cannot for some time enjoy the pre-war levels of export to Europe and that post-war markets for lead and zinc for the first time may be sought in the United States by aggressive sellers.

•

Capitalization of Aumaque Gold Mines has been increased from 3,000,000 to 3½ million shares in order to provide $1,000,000 estimated by managing director J. P. Norrie as adequate to cover a major underground development program and mill construction. Shareholders were informed at the annual and special meetings that 30 holes, involving 25,469 feet of boring, had been expended on the north ore zone. In February, managing director Norrie reported that two orebodies had been outlined in this zone, the south orebody with indicated length of 800 feet, average width of 11.94 feet and average grade of $17.52, gold and silver, and the north orebody with indicated length of 500 feet, average width of 5.95 feet and average grade of $8.46. In the interim, the ore zone has been extended 300 feet to the east and 300 feet to the west, making an established length of 1,800 feet. Two holes, involving 1,424 feet, have been drilled along the contact of the granodiorite stock, where conditions are similar to those obtaining on the adjacent East Sullivan Mines, where an important copper-gold orebody has been recently discovered.

•

Net profits of McIntyre Porcupine Mines in the year ended March 31, 1945, were $2.95 per share after all write-offs and taxes, as compared with $3.57 in the previous fiscal year. Dividends, however, were raised to $3.33 per share as against $2.775. The net current assets stood at $25,532,733 or equal to $32. per share, taking market value of investments as of March 31, 1945. Ore reserves were slightly higher at 4,444,117 tons, with a value of $53,618,426. Its subsidiary, Belleterre Quebec Mines, reported net profits of $413,630. J. P. Bickell, president, stated that as war time conditions gradually became more onerous during the year the tonnage mined and milled was as a consequence curtailed with gross value of production showing a decrease and unit costs maintaining an upward trend.

•

A diamond drilling program will be commenced in about a month at the Biroco Kirkland Mines property, located about two miles west of the Upper Canada Mine, to test the favourable zone to the east of diamond drill hole No. 5 which intersected an estimated true width of 25 feet averaging $4.70 per ton. As the gold bearing material is similar in appearance to Upper Canada ore, this zone may represent the westward extension of the Upper Canada or Larder Lake Queenston break, or the combination of the two breaks which on their projected strike appear to converge on the Biroco property. The zone has been tested at only two places three hundred feet apart and there remains about 5,000 feet in length to the east of diamond drill hole No. 5 to be explored. It is planned to also explore a number of other interesting areas indicated by a geophysical survey on the company's large property which covers an area of 1,450 acres.

•

Finances for development of Craibbe-Fletcher Gold Mines, with property adjoining Campbell Red Lake, are to be provided by Sylvanite Gold Mines and Powell Rouyn Gold Mines The financing has been jointly undertaken on a 50-50 basis to buy 200,000 shares of treasury stock at 15 cents a share and in consideration of which they receive an option on 1,261,205 shares. Under the option share prices range from 20 cents to $1 a share to be completed by June 1, 1948. As a result of this deal exploration of the property is expected to be underway shortly and undoubtedly will be watched with keen interest following the interesting results being met with on the Campbell Red Lake property.

•

Production from 39 Ontario gold mines during the first three months of 1945 was valued at $14,991,787 against $17,197,490 for the comparable period of 1944, according to the Ontario Department of Mines. This is equivalent to a drop of 12.83% and comparable reductions are evident in the case of tonnage milled, gold and silver production. The mine by mine statistical record which is published every quarter of the year shows the effect of the manpower shortage, although according to recent information the gold mines have been faring better lately as more men are released from the army or from essential occupations. Daily average statistics for March show a drop in value but a slight increase in tons milled.

•

In excess of $25,000,000 of ore has been indicated on the Snow Lake property of Howe Sound in Manitoba, and this is expected to provide for a 2,000-ton mill for 15 years. The ore computation is based on extensive diamond drilling and trenching done to date, but the estimate does not allow for dilution nor were high samples reduced in the taking of averages. The company is anxious to have sinking machinery on its way next winter and initially a five-compartment shaft will be put down to 1,000 feet with haulage levels established at 250-foot intervals. A 35 mile road has been surveyed for the mill site, which has already been selected and surveyed, as well as the shaft site. The Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Company, has been approached regarding power.

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Those who do not understand the underlying strength of the present mining market, and the confidence being demonstrated day after day by those in a position to know best, should consider the difference between 1925 and 1945 — a brief span of twenty years.

In 1925 no person could say with certainty how far down the ore of Porcupine and Kirkland Lake would go. There were some bad scares and market set-backs among the big mines as, at one time or another, they appeared to be coming to an untimely end.

Today there seems no depth limit, and new discoveries are being made more than a mile beneath the surface. A whole world of prospecting is proceeding down below, and new mines are being found within old mines, 'just as new mines are being found from the surface'.

In 1925 the surface extent of the pre-Cambrian shield was generally known, and the vista of possible wealth dazzled the imagination of those who could grasp the meaning and magnitude of the opportunity underlying the rocky expanses of the north.

But the second and vital dimension of depth was anyman's guess. Now we know the answer. In areas separated by a thousand miles or more, great ore deposits have been found with conditions that leave no doubt that ore will be drawn from depths hitherto only imagined.

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Peace War Machine An Instrument of Folly

By G. A. WOODHOUSE

Mr. Woodhouse argues against the popular trend for a peacetime economy which will have a permanent martial element and will be planned for quick conversion to war conditions.

The suggestion that this is good insurance is, he says, "utterly unreasonable."

It has been proven that it doesn't work in the past. It is dangerous in that it invites war. And it can't be afforded.

London.

IN Peace a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of war. Or so it should, judging from the reaction of the British Press after the end of a not particularly comfortable or short war against the European end of the Axis. The Press is mirroring pretty faithfully the general feeling and thoughts of the House of Commons and, presumably, of the people, when it insists on the forming of an economy which, in peace, is prepared for war, and it may be no use to argue against the conception that a nation can protect itself against defeat in the next war by introducing a permanent martial element into its constitution. But the argument must be made, or peace will become an even less frequent visitor to an idiot world.

So cautious and unmilitaristic a commentator as the London *Economist* recently devoted its leading article to an examination of some of the ways in which Britain might get insurance against, not another war, but against the possibility of being overwhelmed in it before she has time to gather her strength. "It is always sound policy, in a matter of insurance, to pay a high premium and get effective cover than a low premium and face disaster", says the *Economist*, and the sum of £750 millions of the postwar national income, something like a tenth of it, is mentioned.

Less responsible organs have been braying the tune of full-scale conscription, an industry permanently ready for the worst, and an agriculture schooled to feed the people in the teeth of a blockade. Others talk of the erection of enormous air-raid shelters as a part of our reconstruction.

The *Economist* desires the production of equipment sufficient to enable the enemy to be held until the output curve mounts to its optimum. It lists industries in which there is a need for constant ability to produce the tools of war and suggests that steps should be taken to achieve it. A strong fleet is wanted, a strong air force, and a "reserve of carrying capacity" in shipping.

Surely all this is utterly unreasonable. Either we believe there is going to be another war, in which case we get ready for it without cavil and the impediment of platitudes, or we believe there will be no more war, and we maintain only those armed forces necessary for normal peacetime functions and for supporting whatever organization it is on which our faith in peace rests. The idea that there is a half- or quarter-way mark in which we can have our peace and still be confident of winning the next war is dangerous nonsense.

To take Britain's case, what would it have availed her if she had had this sort of kindergarten pre-war preparation if she had not had the Channel? Russia found the Nazi knife very near her heart and she had been working all out getting ready for war a number of years. Would these projected costly and half-hearted measures have availed her anything? France really did do very much what Britain is now asked to do, and it did not serve her.

Dangerous, Too

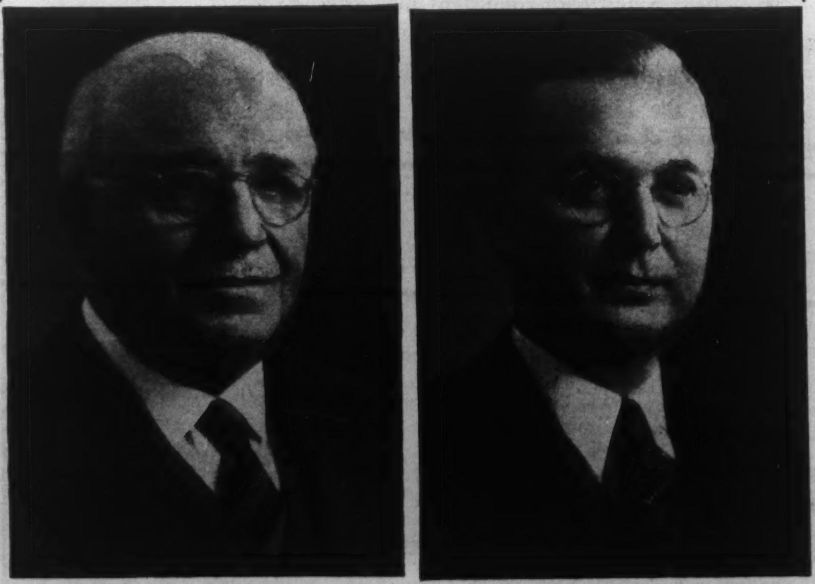
That is one thing, the uselessness of this sort of trivial preparation. The other is the danger of it. If history teaches anything at all it is that those who believe they are prepared for war will take the risks that inevitably lead to war sooner or later. It is no answer to say, with the cynics, that war is a natural element in human life, for if it is so then the only possible guard against it is fear of it.

It is natural to drown in stormy seas and it is our fear that prevents us from bathing in them. To attempt to secure this assurance against war, to bolster up a feeling of confidence in the outcome of the "next war", is to make certain that there is another war. None of the "be-prepared" talk of the Press and Parliament makes even superficial sense unless we read the words "the next war" on each line. Was there ever such a welter of defeatism?

But the cost of these measures of constant preparedness is also not to be despised. One tenth of the national income, says the *Economist*. £750 millions to be extracted from our production of wealth and to be expended on the air, unproductively. A firework show of extravagance. Can Britain afford that? She cannot afford one tenth of this tenth of her national income. The economic struggle before her is long and arduous, and the standard of living of the people is the prize.

We have to bring exports up to 50 per cent above their prewar level, according to the minimum aim pronounced by a Minister; we have to build a million homes, equip and re-equip many millions of kitchens. We have to keep prices away from the whip of inflation; we have to increase greatly our production per manhour in industry. Can this be achieved when we are diluting the industrial strength of the country by spreading practice in making munitions, when our valuable and scarce manpower is taken away for periods to prepare for the next war.

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA EXECUTIVES



R. S. McLAUGHLIN — WILLIAM A. WECKER

General Motors of Canada Limited has announced that effective June 1st, Mr. R. S. McLaughlin has been appointed Chairman of the Board and that Mr. William A. Wecker becomes President and General Manager. Mr. McLaughlin's appointment follows 26 years' continuous service as President of the Company. Mr. Wecker succeeds to the post of President after two years as Vice-President and General Manager.

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16

THE

WABASSO COTTON COMPANY

LIMITED

ANNUAL REPORT

DIRECTORS

C. R. WHITEHEAD, President
NORMAN J. DAWES, Vice-President
WM. HARTY
HUGH MACKAY
HON. LUCIEN MORAUD, K.C.
W. TAYLOR-BAILEY
W. J. WHITEHEAD

Directors' Report to the Shareholders

GENTLEMEN:—

The financial position of your Company at 28th April, 1945, and the results from operations for the year ended that date are shown by the accompanying Balance Sheet, Profit and Loss and Surplus Accounts.

Profits for the year, including subsidy from the Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation Limited, amounted to $336,657.05 after providing for reserves for depreciation, Government taxes and investments and compares with profits last year of $396,759.93.

In order to prepare your Company for post-war rehabilitation and take advantage of improvements which have been made in textile machinery during the war years, your Directors have considered it advisable to transfer from Surplus Account the sum of $1,000,000 as a special reserve for obsolescence.

Whereas, the future cannot be foreseen your Directors have, in their judgment, taken every precaution considered necessary to protect your interests.

Your Directors wish to express their appreciation of the loyal support and co-operative effort of the officers and employees in conducting the affairs of the Company

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Directors.

(Signed) C. R. WHITEHEAD,
President.

Three Rivers, Que., 19th May, 1945.

BALANCE SHEET

As of 28th April, 1945

ASSETS

Current Assets:—		
Cash on Hand and in Bank ....$	484,295.46	
Dominion of Canada Bonds with interest accrued—less reserve (Approximate Market Value $2,486,692.99)	2,209,595.49	
Accounts and Bills Receivable — less reserves	499,061.63	
Inventories as determined and certified by the Management — Raw Cotton, partly manufactured and manufactured stock, at cost or market value whichever was the lower, less reserves. Supplies and Chemicals at average cost and not over replacement value.	251,080.40	$3,444,032.98
Funds Deposited with Trustee for Bondholders		40,250.00
Property:—		
Real Estate, Buildings, Plant, Machinery, etc. at cost ,less amounts written off	10,941,427.64	
Less: Reserve for Depreciation and Obsolescence	8,345,366.12	2,596,061.52
Investments:—		
Wholly Owned Subsidiary Companies	222,160.26	
Bonds and Common Stocks of Canadian Companies with interest accrued	37,717.03	
(Approximate Market Value $39,992.73)		259,877.29
Deferred Assets:—		
Unexpired Insurance, Prepaid Taxes, etc.	55,939.32	
Refundable Portion of Excess Profits Tax	65,784.00	121,723.32
		$6,461,945.11

Verified as per our Report of this date.

(Signed RIDDELL, STEAD, GRAHAM & HUTCHISON,
Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.

LIABILITIES

Current Liabilities:—			
Accounts and Bills Payable ....$		132,598.96	
Operating Expenses and Accrued Wages		64,337.56	
Provision for Government and Municipal Taxes		450,556.79	
Bond Interest Accrued		15,550.69	
4% First Mortgage Bonds due 1st February, 1946		175,000.00	$ 838,043.97
First Mortgage Bonds:—			
Authorized	$4,400,000.00		
Issued: Series "A" 4% Serial Bonds dated 1st February, 1936—maturing $175,000.00 in each of the fifth to twelfth years	1,400,000.00		
Less: Bonds matured and Bonds maturing 1st February, 1946	1,050,000.00	350,000.00	
4% Fifteen Year Bonds dated 1st February, 1936		1,000,000.00	1,350,000.00
Reserve for Research, Plant Improvements and Contingencies			1,000,000.00
Capital Stock:—			
Authorized:— 105,000 Shares of No Par Value.			
Issued:— 69,903 Shares fully paid			2,000,000.00
Refundable Portion of Excess Profits tax			65,784.00
Earned Surplus:—			
General Reserve		500,000.00	
Balance as at 28th April, 1945		708,117.14	1,208,117.14
			$6,461,945.11

Montreal, 17th May, 1945.

(Signed) C. R. WHITEHEAD, Director
W. TAYLOR-BAILEY, Director

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

For the Year Ended 28th April, 1945

Net Profit for the year ended 28th April 1945, before providing for the undernoted items		$1,262,010.51
Revenue from Investments		84,376.23
		1,346,386.74
Depreciation on Property and Plant	$408,571.05	
Bond Interest	70,950.69	
Directors' Fees	6,360.00	
Legal Fees	4,752.03	
Executive Salaries	38,712.40	
Provision for Government Taxes	330,383.52	
Reserve for Investments	150,000.00	1,009,729.69
Net Profit for the year transferred to Surplus Account $		336,657.05

EARNED SURPLUS ACCOUNT

As at 28th April, 1945

Balance at Credit 29th April 1944		$1,483,550 98
Add:		
Adjustment to Profits for year ended 29th April, 1944 by reason of Excess Profits Tax Act amendments		96,781.35
Net Reduction in Inventory Reserve under Excess Profits Tax Act		63,686.10
Sundry Adjustments affecting prior years		7,053.66
Net Profit for the year ended 28th April, 1945		336,657.05
		1,987,729.14
Deduct:		
Transfer to Reserve for Obsolescence	$1,000,000.00	
Dividends paid	279,612.00	1,279,612.00
		$ 708,117.14